

The
Silent Sound
OF Noise

Mark Silvering

The Silent Sound Of Noise

**A story told through poetry of
one mans journey from trauma to
freedom with a stop off to drug
use in between.**

M Silvering

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Introduction

When I was 18 I left my mothers home to head away to Dublin to study. However upon leaving I found myself in the mist of depression.

My upbringing wasn't the most pleasant shall we say and was actually very tough and looking back I'm surprised at how I managed to survive those 18 years without committing suicide.

But having said that its no surprise how I then managed to survived what was to come through my twenties though it did nearly kill me.

Growing up my mother was a fundamental christian and in my mid teens I was introduced to her beliefs and thought myself to be saved from the path of sin and as such the path of drug use that I had seen my peers go down.

However this was something I was going to find myself caught up in, and at the age of 19 I was going at it full swing.

But back to my first year away when I was 18 I found myself very isolated not only from my family who had disowned me due to family conflict but also from my peers at college due to my beliefs

It was this year away that I started experimenting with drink to escape the ever growing pain of depression that was coming over me.

Saying that I did really well in my first year exams, and better than I had expected as I had done poorly throughout secondary school but being bullied and excluded with no friends isn't much help, especially when the only way to escape the torture of school was to pull a sick day and stay home with my mother - not an easy choice.

But in college I scored in the top 3 and my tutor had seen me as a favorable perspective student.

In the summer that followed I headed away to volunteer in an orphanage and it was here that things slowly started taking a turn for worse. I found that seeing these children in the orphanage environment set something off in me, something that told me my own upbringing had been much worse than what these children had and it was here that I started experiencing night terrors.

Upon Returning home I headed back to college but just found myself drinking as often as I could to not only to cope with the pain I felt inside from my childhood but also from the confusion I felt around my faith.

I was on two journeys simultaneously one was the realization that I had been psychologically abused by my family and the other was my apostasy from Christianity, neither an easy challenge on their own and all I could do was try my best to escape as often as possible by drinking and taking drugs.

At this point I dropped out of college as I knew I was going to fail my first year so rather than face the embarrassment I didn't bother sitting the exams and ended up returning home to my father who wasn't emotionally or physically able to be there for me and this in itself took me a long time to realize as he too started to psychologically abuse me after I ended up dropping out of another collage course from having to be hospitalized from psychosis

My father had put unrealistic expectations on me and demanded much more from me than I could offer, having now to support him in his business and home I was unable to have time to myself that I needed in order to begin to heal.

The result of which was numerous visits to the mental health ward as I knew no other way to escape the grip of my fathers control

This unhealthy relationship eventually came to an end after I pulled a knife on my father due to one of his demands but fortunately this resulted in him agreeing to let me move out.

On moving out I found it extremely difficult to fit in as I was now in my mid twenties but mentally I was still a teenager and felt these last few years living with my father had been a waste and something which I had to catch up on.

This resulted in a year long binge where I would of wrote the majority of the poems in "The Afflictions" and "Active Addiction".

The difference in these two books is that the works in "Active Addiction" were written whilst under the influence of drink and drugs whist the works in "The Afflictions" were not.

This binge ended in a serious suicide attempt and due to the threats I had made on my fathers life he didn't come near me whist I was in hospital. Having also been estranged from my

mother I was now homeless so ended up staying in the hospital for 10 months whilst they helped me find somewhere to live.

As a result of being in hospital for such a long time I managed to have a good think about where my life was going and have gladly stayed away from drink and drugs since.

However from this last hospitalization I was diagnosed with a number of different mental health illnesses and put on numerous heavy medications which I had never agreed to take but due to the nature of being in a mental hospital I didn't have a choice.

Upon leaving hospital the doctors would not agree to let me come off these medications but as it was something I wanted to do I had no other choice but to do it on my own. This took quiet a number of years.

It was during this process that I had found my creativity return and wrote the last two books "Dementia Praecox" and "Drug Free"

The Difference in these two books is that the works in "Dementia Praecox" were written whilst I was going through medication withdrawals whilst the works in "Drug Free" were after the withdrawals had stopped.

I have decided to publish this work because I believe that behind every drug addict there is trauma and pain. I feel that its important to bear this in mind as its far too easy to judge and look down on people.

I also want to show a mark of respect to that life I once endured and to give insight as to how it felt and what was going through my mind behind the scenes.

A faint pencil sketch of a classical bust, possibly of a deity or philosopher, wearing a laurel wreath. The sketch is centered on the page, with the head and shoulders visible. The lines are light and sketchy, suggesting a preliminary drawing. The background is a light gray with some vertical lines on the right side.

The Afflictions

Writing this rhyme

I'm sitting in my room
Writing this rhyme
I think I can say now
that it is about time

Growing up ain't easy
for a fella like me
Growing up away from
my home on the Lee

I don't have a place
to call my home
Grown up and
I feel all alone

No respect or love
for my mother
I can't even say
I know my brother

As for those two
sisters of mine
I don't even care
if they are fine

Need to get these
emotions out
Don't even know
what they are about

Every day going
around hesitated
Every day feeling
fucking frustrated

Needing to break
down and cry
It would be easier
to just get high

I can't be blaming myself
When the blame should
be put on herself!

As for those other three
it was all a monopoly

They wanted their
little power trip
They should be
smacked with a whip

The unpredicted retribution
of what went on
The amount of difficulty
I have undergone

It can make one feel insecure
It will stay with
me forever more

Though she has not got caught
Love for her, I have not.
Now in its own right
She is riddled with strife

Something I hadn't imagined
It's just what has happened
To the ground I have fallen
filled with rage
I was bitten

Moving on wards won't be merry
The burden sure will be heavy
For both me and her to carry
on our separate paths
shall we be happy?

It's the way it must end
with her I won't amend

My emotions are
covered with grime
They will last me my lifetime

I'm sitting in my room
writing this rhyme
I think I can say now
that it is about time

Streets Rhyme

With strength from above
you will only know love

No Jesus Preaching
I'm not teaching

I've no HD Recorder
What is my disorder?

I don't play an Instrument
But the Lyrics I do think

My Voice I will implement
and speak with my voice

If you listen
that is your choice

I'm not performing
a magic show

The best I can do
is to grow

This is the streets
streets rhyme

It's taken me some time

To fly away from here

I just wish I could disappear

And maybe someday to reappear

Howls of the mind

The howls of my mind
Scream out

The walls begin to cave in
an inwards rush of emptiness
leaves behind this
shattered feeling

Like a storm thorn area
There is no relief in sight
All resources have
been depleted

Fragments scattered
everywhere!

So few and far between
The dust particles
begin to set

The wolves begin to appear
As the night
begins to approach
For they are hungry too

Run I say, Run away
and don't look back,

We will meet somewhere
in the future

When all this is
behind us and forgotten

This mind is gone,
used up and broken

I will die for you
so that you may start anew

BANG!

Music to the ears

Music to the ears
It starts to bring tears
Get read of all these Fears

Start smearing a campaign
Bring up the feeling of pain
For what is there to gain

Lyrics without music
It is so intrusic
I don't play an instrument
But the lyrics I do think

The ends to which we go
to make friends
with which we flow

To sit and take the steady
When will we ever be ready
Influential people there are
The ones who raise the bar

To add music to this
would just make it bliss

Commercially this would
not survive
But I will continue to
stand here and strive

For the rhythm I feel
Someone else will steal
Make their millions off of it
Beat them with a stick

For its their face
their fast tracked pace
That Makes them a disgrace
In this place

Rhyming is all me
as it is meant to be
My philosophy
in this century

Rhyming it down
we begin to frown
goodbye my friend
my fellow clown

Can You Comprehend

Can you comprehend
what it's like to mend

a broken heart
stabbed with a dart

through and through
I'll bleed for you
see you in the new
when all is due

at some stage
this will all be played
for the young in me
Died last century
all these lyrics will be
the ones I set free

I'm feeling all sore
I've gone out the door

Blasting

A God, His poetry
and that which is wonderful

A Boy, His story
and that which is powerful

A journey into deep space
on a prayer

exploring the wonders
of the galaxy where

The moment he discovered
what being happy meant

The moment he realized that
he did not have to repent

That nothing is ever
a child's own fault

That he can drink
an alcoholic malt

for the young boy must learn
that his god does not yearn

that which this world owes
to the explorations of those

an insight into insanity
in its own tranquility

to despair
his prayer

which that
he has

SENT!

Ponder

Do you see the pain
Can you feel the love,
From deep sorrow,
Comes my cry,

Of all that could be,
All that's been seen,
The horror,
The screaming,

The deceiving,
The bereaving,
From where I come
Makes me who I am

The difficulty that lies
Beneath all the lives
Of the ones who I've met
Cannot be compared

To aspire to greatness
Is to overcome
What was done
To one when
they were young

The wrong-doings
That came from greed
The misfortunes
That had to happen

To make one who they are
And try to smile everyday

I will leave
to be pondered upon.

What The hell is Reality

It's hard to stand by
We gotta fight on and try
To better ourselves

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

The things that have passed by
Will only teach us to try
To better ourselves

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Rest in peace.
Those who have passed on
Never let them be forgotten

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Born into this world
out of our mother's womb
fed baby food with a spoon

hang tight young warrior

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Find yourself and become lost
In a twist and a knot

Get out of that maze

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Only words can be spoken
To help them who are choking

Strengthen them
with encouragement

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Isolation. . .
Depression. . .

Falling into nothingness
In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Maturity can only be found
When you get spun around

By those who you once loved

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Pain cannot be forgotten
for what then can be gotten

Out of the lesson
it brings forward

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Teaching the young
from the old

Is worth more than
all the money and gold
That this world can give

For it is the bridge
between the world
of uncertainty and
the world of reality

Behind These Eyes

Behind these eyes of mine
behind this mask I wear
is not the man you see
is not the one who cares

when all is lost and gone
and this body begins to age
the mind will remain young
and the child in me will stay

PoeMenta

The things we like
Turn us red
The things we dread
Turn us pale

What we like
We adore
What we abhor
We despise

With fear we shake
Like a leaf on a branch

And the water that
Drips to the ground
From that leaf

Gives us so much Relief
For it is all the stuff
We do not need.

Pouiefour

The things that shape and mould
Are the things that one day unfold

Nobody can say what is true
When it comes
to knowing me or you

Only you can know yourself
Your place on the shelf

And that place is your choice
Depending on how
you use your voice

For good, use your actions
Choose wisely your reactions

For with these
You can squeeze

So think
Before you blink

Before one day you loose
What is important for you to use

Jealousy

I Envy my jealousy
My favorite emotion
It's like drinking a magical potion

To be at strife my entire life
To be riddled with guilt
Just wanting to sleep under my quilt

Filled with sorrow
Just waiting for tomorrow
Till her lips I can kiss
And be filled with bliss

Snow White

Things that happened
From day to day in her life
Effect her in many ways
Which we do not know
The true effect only becomes clear
Later in her life when she grows

These effects of the things
Which happened to her
Will become clear on the paintings
Of the window to her soul

All the clouds which were formed
Are in plain sight
All the white,
grey and thunder stormed
Up in the sky

The white which we love
Will be up like a dove

The grey which we know
Will at night glow

The Thunder which we all fear
May still appear

To live in plain sight
In the middle of day light
Will be her biggest struggle
To deal with her trouble

The afflictions
Of all the restrictions
Causing so much pain
So little for us to gain

At the end of the night
When sleeping is snow white
Only the seven dwarfs
Guarding her through the dark
Of the things that have happened
From day to day in her life

Limp Bodied Woman

The Limp bodied woman
Stumbles up the hill and still
Her limp body stumbles

But who she is
Does anybody know

The limp bodied woman
So fragile
So beautiful

Who she is
Nobody knows

And the woman's
appearance speaks pain
Though this may not be
And we all need to show it
But she shows it
Though she does not need

This black haired beauty
Is all I know

Pain Dark Matter

This pain dark matter will remain

Once I cut the vain
Impossible to abstain

Milking the brain
Like a thunder storm train

Full throttle
Feeling the thrust

I need time to adjust
Stop drinking from the bottle

Whisper A shout!

The woods are calling out
Let us hear them whisper a shout

For the grass that grows
Will freely flow

As the sun sets
The stars begin to glow

And a shadow appears
Where on its cheek

it carries the tears
Of the ones laid down

And the shadow
forms into a crown
Falling swiftly to the ground
Where one day it will be found

Who I am

This is who I am
This is where I stand

I write this rhyme
Slowly with time

Sounds pass me by
Pigeons rise up and fly

Up so high
Up in the sky

Where nothing matters
Emotions get squashed

Slowly we move on

The sadness

The sadness, it takes over
It appears, oh so clear
Inside, nothingness eats away
From a deep sad fear
Comes the words, that I say

People begin to notice that
I'm using sex as an escape
Where has the love gone
All that is left is the hate

As good as it can be
And as good as it can get
It is one simple mystery
That leaves behind this regret

Picking up the bottle
On a regular basis
Starting to notice
All these little faces

Where the happy and the sad
Begin to merge
No-longer feeling bad
Just having a strong urge

To go out and get drunk
To be where I am at
It is all but a matter
Of a sad true fact

Rubble Trouble

This bag of mine,
Has always done me fine

Being filled with rubble
To escape from trouble

And then one day
The strap just broke

And all of a sudden
I started to choke

The dust rose
I started to decompose

From the inside out
My cries began to shout

Losing my religion
Losing my mind

Nerves shock to shit
Reality begins to unwind

Walls closing in
Waking up in prison

An Garda Síochána
Smoking marijuana

The sound of peace
Is on the increase

For me to write
And engage in life

Addicts

Addicts, we suffer alone
With nowhere to call our home
The silence, it kills us
So why bother to make a fuss
Why does there have
To be something wrong
Why am I broken
I just wish to be strong

I keep falling
And trying to stay afloat
But life's got me by the balls
And it has grabbed
me by the throat
All that I once held onto
Has left me alone
to make my debut
My heart has never been filled
With love or care

Inside there lingers
A void, looking in despair
As a fish being gutted
But surviving
And being left free to go
What was taken
Cannot be undone
To look into the darkness
And see no light

Is the only thing left
To give us any thrills
Again and again
Wanting the adrenalin
Get out of there
Just fucking disappear
Lost at sea
Filled with mystery

Suffering in silence
As it is my preference
So swallow that shit
And lay down in the grit

Posh I am not

The posh I am not
Just a lucky guy I guess
How old do I have to be
To get knocked out and hurt

All I'm wanting is to be free
But is that any way possible

Driftwood stumbling
on-top of a waterfall
Just letting clouds pass on

Just this animal nature
That burns up inside

To release it I try
And to the unknown I die

To be lifted up upon
The highest place on earth

To have one silent breath
Before leaping off the edge

Swim the cold, rough waters
With thunder and lightning
Keeping you warm

As wave after wave bashes
And from the cliff do rocks fall

This is the all

About the past

Think about the past
Think about tomorrow
Think about all the sorrow

Imagine going into a coma
A very long rest
It would be the best

But first write a book
So people understand
Why I want to dream about sand

The length of this life
Who am I to say
I'm on my own path on my way

The shit that goes on
Whether it's real or in my mind
One day I hope to find

But for right now
I'm going to sit depressed
And try to find my rest

Bipolar shit

Please drop me a line some time
Just to check up on how things are
Relying on others
That is just a fine rhyme
Because we do it all the time

Socially deprived
The weak don't survive
It's the strong ones
That fight on and strive

It can't be fun to be socially deprived
Have you ever seen the weak survive
It's not always the strong ones
That fight on and survive

Broken Shackles

The shackles lay broken
We are not joking
Shatter rags lay torn
Pity unto the unborn
Shutters closing in
The walls are exploding
For the baby to rest
It needs a mother's breast
Up the hills by the sheep
We fall weary and sleep
Laying down our heads
By the ones slain dead
It's in our fucking veins
We have broken the chains

Get you down

Life can get you down
It can make you frown
It can make you hurt
You will feel desert

What will it take
To make you break
To make you care
Bring us into a pair

When the world around you dies
And out come the loud cries
You're no different
Just take the hint

Its bleeding now
Wake a bow
The end has come
It's time to drink some rum

Doors in my mind

All the doors in my mind
That I've turned blind
They once shined

But now it's been years
Outcome the tears
Get rid of all those fears

Holding onto memories
Looking through a child's eyes
Sitting through church ceremony's
While inside something dies

Daddy is gone now
Because Mommy is a cow

Sitting here now as a man
No-longer talking to my brother Dan

Growing up I had no brother
He was just as bad as my mother

The child in the corner cries
As everything he holds dear to dies

As the emotions flow out
I just stay silent and don't shout

Horrible things that happened
That shouldn't of been allowed to

Maybe not as bad as others
But what I say is true

The power a parent has
To shape and mold a child

A mile in my shoes

All the separation
No more appreciation

Never being appreciated
Only ever being depreciated

For what has this
life done to me
Still in-caged,
Only wishing to be free

Free of all my troubles
Playing like a child
Playing with the bubbles

Spinning out of my mind
Unable to control

Is this how
life was designed

A so called God
A so called universe
A mission into space
A walk on the moon

Expecting one to
believe all of that

Expecting one to
respect any of that

Expecting one to
have any respect

Expecting one to
have authority

Expecting one to
follow the majority

Expecting one to
step out of the minority

Is a lot easier
said on words
Is a lot easier
said than done

To step into one's own shoes
And walk a mile in their feet

Will bring you to the edge
Stop stop
The drop is so steep

Flotation

Filled with anger
Filled with rage
Where am I going
In this present age

The monster who haunts you
The ones who follow

Haunts my soul
Like there is no tomorrow

For all this commotion
Has stirred some emotion
Like a bird in mid flotation
It has given me motivation

Stickets

The mind that grows
with time

Slowly withers and
begins to unwind

Like a video tape
going backwards

There is a place
in my heart,

It is slowly
ripping apart

In the eye
of construction

Is the mind
of destruction

The regretful
lies inside me,

The pain inside dies
The nightmare

witnessed by these eyes
Inside the silence cries

Losing my mind
All the times that passed
Slowly I rewind

Back to a time
When it wasn't so bad
Somewhere that I felt fine
Somewhere I wasn't so sad

The Disease

Taking the needle
Taking the twine

Starting to shake loose
Starting to unwind

When all has come to its end
And we are rounding
the final bend

Be sure to take the steady
The load is fairly heavy

Don't want to topple and crash
Just want to hit
my bed with a smash

And say goodnight with a gleam

So I can live
happily in my dream

Where troubles do not
cause any unease

Where I can sit happily
and eat melted cheese

Where I can die
peacefully from my disease

All alone

All this pain trapped inside
Is the dying out power

Nothing can be done
To save it like a rotting flower

As the seasons change
And the mood begins to drop

People bow their heads
And in their hands they do sop

For the lost energy
And the waste of space

A lost child needing
A mother to embrace

To climb on the furniture
And fall back to the ground

He both cries and laughs
His job is to make sound

Just leaving him to his own
Leaving him feel all alone

The heart I keep closed

The heart I keep closed
It is ever so real
Should I open it up
Sorrow I shall feel

The journey I've traveled
Has followed me here
The emotions IV buried
Shall forever endear

Child inside

I write these words
So my voice can be heard

The whispers and
cries of my soul

Are the heavy
burden upon my eyes

The things I've
seen and heard

Haunt my soul
There the whispers and cries

Of the child inside

Who was locked away
and forgotten about

But he wants to scream
he wants to shout

Scarred Walls

These scars of mine
That lies deep inside
Line the walls of my soul

The dripping noise of the tears
Still linger inside
And mark the events gone past

Put it behind

Mother can't we
put all this behind

Why do you constantly
have to remind

Me of how badly
you can behave

Can't we all just
try to be brave

As the dust settles
on Granny's grave

It hasn't even been a day
When again I must pray

That you won't beat me
Please stop, I beg, I plea.

What is with this insanity

Anger Management
May help with
your bereavement

Of my farther
Who was your lover
He is like no other

Things between you and him
Are now over
But his my farther

So just let me see him
Stop with this religion

Shoving it down my throat
To god my life I will devote

Now let me live my life
Don't beat me,
I will kill myself with this knife

Empty Inside

This feeling
That's lurking inside

It cannot be denied
Its cries cannot be ignored

To deserve such
A horrible feeling

Why is it there
What have I done

Who is there to care
When everybody is gone

Who is there to listen
To the cries of my eyes

This isolating feeling
Just sitting there inside

Why is it there
What have I done

To care and be cared for
Is all that I wish for

All that is left now
Is this worn out body

Where have I come from
Where am I going

Why am I here
What have I done

Scree Day

Mamma you're my mother
There could be no other

It was just you and me
That's the way
it used to be

I long to have your love
Shine beautiful like a dove
To hold you tight
Would just be all-right

Start to be treated fair
So I won't have
to say a prayer

Just get rid of all these lies
So I don't have to bury my eyes
Behind the alcohol and drugs
All I need is some hugs

From my mother
Who there could be no other.

1990
Has become unsightly
As the year I was born
I have become torn

For the love that
was meant to be
Is broken like the scree

Waiting to be taken away
By the horse drawn dray
Forever I wait
For a debate

About a broken heart
That's been pulled apart

The damage that's been done
Is everything but none

As this page nears finished
Nothing will ever be diminished

For what my mother did
Forever I wish to be rid

Escapee

Why should I believe,
Everything that you tell me

You may be my mother,
But I'm an escapee

You always let me down,
Instead of picking me up

You left me with a broken heart,
Instead of juice in my cup

You don't hold me,
Nor show me comfort

You'd tell me to fuck off,
instead of
"son how's the homework?"

Please tell me why,
my cries you ignore?

I needed a mother,
God gave me a whore.

So show me some love,
And show me some care

tell me in what way
is this fair?

Show me the love,
And show me the care

for once in my life
can you please just be there

Why could you of Not,
Just gave me some Attention

Where the fuck is all,
The love and protection

I'm down on my knees,
And not giving a shit

take a look mummy,
at the scars on my wrists

Silence is the noise,
Of the pain

That I feel,
When I cut the vain

I feel on the edge,
Taking the drink and the pills

it gave me such pleasure,
but now there's no thrills

You shoved religion
right down my throat

I am the escapee with
the rope round my throat

Why do I love you
or need all these hugs?

My heart feels so empty,
are u happy u mug?!

So let me fly away,
And live my escape

Forget all the Pain,
of a love that's too late.

I am the escapee

My Eyes Cry

Can you see my eyes cry
Can you see me slowly die

Sucking the joy out of me
Is this what my life will be

Is this what I am to become
The drug addict of a son

No happy memory man
No fun times to Jam

What is there to rely on?
Look mummy
I'm drunk so C'mon

Back the fuck off
Give me room so I can cough

I can't breath
Someone just squeezed

The life out of me
They've left me with my misery

JO

Ain't no superman
His name is Joseph
He is just a man

With feelings and emotions
Of the things that go on
But now you are gone

The friend and companion,
When I needed a friend in 08
There you were, it was great

How your company kept
me going

And companion you did I not

What happened
I don't know

But your pain and suffering
is now over Joseph

Walk tall and strive on
But blame you do I not

The memories of you
I will always carry

You will never be forgot

Granny Love

Granny the words I spoke
to you last at your graveside

As you lay still with Granddad
Only you and I know

Granny your protection I loved
The safety you gave me
In my place of living

And when the hand that
you once protected me from

rose high and
came down on you

I SAW!
I SAW!

But hide and not speak up I did

I know your love
desires me to forgive

But to poison,
The sting did leave
I cannot escape and for this

Sting and poison
you took for me

is the reason I do live

Thank you Granny 'Sull

I owe all to you
Rest in peace
My Granny Love

Inside I'm Dying

Inside I'm dying
Inside I'm crying
Confused
Abused

Dirty old hag
Torn up rag
,
,
Love
Hate
I'm in a state

Anger
Rage
Let me out of this cage.
,
,

There is a place in my heart
It is slowly ripping apart

In the eye of construction
Is the mind of destruction

When all of a sudden
I'm a flappin' and a fussing
The beat goes on
They play my song

I'm Mr. Alcoholic
Acting shambolic
At the dawn of the night
When people stumble and fight

Slap and scream
Having a bad dream
More and more
I open the door

My emotions come out
They begin to shout
To the unknown
Plain emotions have flown

Division Glow

The divide
between the two sides

Only leaves them deprived

Feeling hurt and broken
Their voice is unspoken

The nervousness inside
Can only hurt one's own pride

What is it that you have to show
Where in your life will you go

Where is it that their heading

There is still a lot
that their dreading

The power that they feel
It is strong like steel

For all that they have to show
Is there inside their inner glow

Hill Of Mine

I try to climb
This hill of mine

But I am still small
So I can only crawl

The place of rest
Is at the top

But because I am small
I can only crawl

Stumble I do
And I continue

But I am scared
Of what will happen
When I fall
Because I am still small

Psychological Evaluation

Psychological Evaluation
It has been done in retaliation

Don't fall in and drown
For these words I write down

Tell me if it's a crime
If this message is sublime

I will stand here and
hold my head up high

Cos the words go on
and pass me by

I bow my head to cry
Wishing that I could just die

This Insanity

Where have I come from
Where have I been
Everything I've gone through
Everything that I've seen

Nothing could of prepared me
For a life away from home

Even though I'm now
"grown up"

I'm living life on my own

My younger years
Have now passed
I'm growing up
Time is passing by so fast

I may be young to some
And older as-well to others
But all my life I've chased
The love of my mothers

To be the only one
To show love and hate
For me there is no debate

To be caught up in
The downward draught
Coming from the space craft

Persuades me to believe
That anything implied
Is just something lied

And to move onwards
Makes me fight
This trauma
This insanity

Find Your Bride

It's time to get rid of the old
But forget bringing in the new
It will make you angry and bold
Maybe a rebirth is due

For change is so hard
It can make you cold inside
Time to let down your guard
And go find your bride

Childhood is like nothing else
Your mind is developing
Your not standing by yourself
But you want to cling

Times relevance will stand
It can go good or bad
In the end you will be grand
Maybe with a hint of sand

Product of Beauty

I am a product of beauty
Both parents failed at their duty

To not show love and
just show hate

It has sparked this wider debate

So if one is not shown any love
How can they stand without hate

In a world with a divide
That stands between
the two sides

How can anyone
go on and strive

The Poet

I am the poet
The one who knows it

What the world is about
To a god I did devout

My life and possessions
I went to all my confessions

To the congregation and pastor
I was the strongest faster

Without food I did go
My body became
tired and slow

Thoughts passing by
Diluted pupils of the eye

Where one does dream
To better their self-esteem

In a place they are no-longer at

The truth it does seem
To lie sleeping in a dream

Returned 12 years late

Where is my train
I've been waiting 12 years
for it to return

Now I'm burdened
with this pain

My bags are packed
I'm on my way back

Everyone I once knew
Is grown up and gone

This is the place that I am from

Knuckle down,
Don't you frown

It's going to be OK
Just listen to what I have to say

I have come back
To try to take back

What was taken from me

It's left me suffering
in my misery

Inner Glow

What is it that you have to show
Where in your life will you go

Where is it that I am heading
There is still allot I am dreading

The power that I feel
It's strong like steel

All that I have to show
Is my inner glow

Lyrics get wrote

Lyrics get wrote
There added to a note
Up they make you float

These artists
There lyrics

Make you go crazy
Feel oh so daisy

The power of imagery
Is such a mystery

To be one standing alone
Without anywhere to call home

Fly like a dove

Now I must fly away
like a dove

With sorrow that's been
left behind

Lingering there inside my mind

With my hands over my head
I have to leave my little bed

At the age of six
I was left unaware

Now I am determined
to fight my despair

However overwhelming
that it may be

It is something
that will forever effect me

Something caused by my mum
Now with my anger I will run

For years I cried myself
to sleep at bedtime

Not thinking that I would
be effected for my lifetime

The effect that it had
on a little boy

He had feelings,
he wasn't just a toy

His little heart needed
a farther and a friend

Wishing that the nightmare
would come to an end

Once he got up and went away
Behind him he left me to stay
It was the start of the end
Leaving me without a friend

The effect that it had
on a little boy

He had feelings,
he wasn't just a toy

Crying himself to sleep
at bedtime

His been effected
for his lifetime

Being beat up by his mum
Too scared to even run

However overwhelming
that it may be

It's something that
will forever effect me

I was left unaware
Now I must fight my despair

I used to stay up late
with my hands over my head

And I would sit there
and weep in my little bed

With sorrow that's
been left behind

Lingering there inside my mind

With No one to come
and give me some love

Misty Twist

Here we go
Going easy with the flow
Down the old man's road
We'll simply go and explode
In the morning mist
Give us a little twist
Don't you worry a thing
And maybe give us a swing

Blood Flows

The blood flows slowly
from her eyes

Covering her soft cheeks
Looking like she's bleeding

In reality she's hurting
From the pain life's brought on

Slowly she picks up the knife
Stabs herself in the heart

Saying goodbye to her life

July

Up and down
Up and down
To my face
It rules my frown

On the swing
My heart races
When I sing
I see happy faces

All around
And up there
The children play
There is love in the air

In the summer
When I have nowhere to go
I wish to see
Some winter snow

As the birds chirp
And the dogs bark
Not a cloud in sight
Waiting for it to get dark

To see the stars shine
With no cloud cover above
To feel smooth and comfy
Like a soft silk glove

To be filled with happiness
For my smile to gleam
All could be lost
And never would this seem

Summer and Spring

As the green grass grows
The blue river flows

Flowers growing in spring
The birds begin to sing

The rain falls gently
Devastatingly intentionally

I feel the breeze
It carry's the leaves

Through the air
To a land over there

The fields where
the animals graze

Fills me with such a daze

The beauty of summer
Is such a bummer

It does not last forever
We'll see it next year however

Times spent together

The times we spent together
Drifting on the Breeze
Soaring through the Air
Relaxed and at Ease.

Like a log on the River
Letting the water set the pace
I'm sitting back here
And staring into Space

Life is fading away
I feel the cool wind blow
And every breath I take
Makes the stars and moon glow

Someday, Somewhere,
My last Breath I will take
And in the ground I will lie there
Dead and awake

The clouds will continue to flow
The log on the river too
The cool breeze will flow
And I, I will still love you

Bouncer

I got stopped by a bouncer
So I went away home
I came back the next day
And showed him my poem

A drunk came up
And spat at the man
He got so mad
As mad as one can

They punched him
and grabbed him
And ruffed him against the wall
Is was a mighty shock
That the man didn't fall

I ran to the phone
And said Garda Garda Come
Its bouncer abuse
There is only one ole chum

Well the piggy wigs came
In their van and their vests
They marched down
the lane way
Pushing out their chests

Well I got out of there
As fast as I could
I didn't want to get involved
In something that I should

Well every-time now
That I pass by that ole place
The bouncer man is there
And he looks me
right in the face

Water is never lukewarm

All the smiles and masks
All the questions that are asked

Have you found
your answer yet

Do you feel any
remorse or regret

The power that lies in life
Makes me grin with strife

A slow ticking body clock
Ticking like a metronome
Keeping my thoughts in check
Keeping me calm at home

Troubled history
of a single life form

Is a wonderful reminder
That the water
is never just lukewarm

Poetry is like a cat

Poetry is like a cat

I did not write anything
for this occasion
For I do not chase poetry

For poetry is like a cat
When you chase after it
and try to grab it
It runs away and hides

But when you relax
and let the cat do as it wishes'
It will come to you

Words of the abused

Shut aside, ignored
Silent cries and loud ones too

A boy with a hope
Just one little prayer

Dreaming like a dope
Sending an S.O.S. out there

If only it had been aired
If only it had been received

Hurt feelings could
have been spared

No-body would
have been deceived

To be held and loved
Like never before

Is all he ever he wanted
Is all he ever wished for

But surrounded by walls
And all those troubling demons

No one there to
answer a call for help

No one there to
spare any of the pain

Makes his heart skip a beat
Filled with sudden fear

Not even able to
produce one single tear

These are the words
of the abused

The ones that end up
being used

A child for a lifetime
An organism frozen in time

Never able to live
their childhood out
Everyday being filled with doubt

Of an existence without abuse
Feeling like they
should be punished

Missing the neglect
Finding it difficult to accept

That they were used
That they are the abused

Divide

The divide between
the two sides

Only leaves them deprived,

Feeling hurt and broken
Their voice is unspoken

The nervousness inside
Can only hurt ones pride

My Drown Attempt

My Drown Attempt

Walking out
Without a doubt

Ready to drown
Wearing my frown

Each step I take
Takes me further in
To die awake
Is not a sin

As the water rises
Emotions comprises

The cold water
Surrounding my body
Needing some help
From anybody

Deprived

Somebody should of
told you to cop on

Instead of all that dishonesty
Of how school records
would stay with me

Somebody should of
told you to cop on

Being a parent can be
difficult I'm sure

But don't be having
too many kids you whore

Somebody should of
told you to cop on

Men and women and
love and all that

It can be a very
difficult matter of fact

Somebody should of
told you to cop on

So when you meet Mr. Right
Be-careful if it ain't right

Somebody should of
told you to cop on

Getting kids hearts
involved ain't funny

You two should of separated
a long time ago honey

What to do when
the kids are born

Put on that though face

Put away your
heart that is thorn

Because it's your responsibility
You two so called "adults"
So stop and show some civility

If people want to mess up
their own lives

That is their own choice
But don't leave

the children deprived

So stop don't you cry

Just stop,
Don't you cry
And drop,
Before you die

And i can see in your eye
A tear going dry

And stop,
Don't you cry
Just drop,
Before you die

Let my heart skip a beat
Open your ears hear me speak

So stop,
Don't you cry
And drop,
Before you die

Wake up in the mourning
Ever so thirsty with a
Mouth so dry
As if you were.....

And I can see in your eye
A tear going dry

With a hand written scribble
Saying with a little dribble

I woke up this morning
to the sound of
the birds and the bees

And a voice whispered
silently through the
leaves in the trees

It begged me desperately
to stop with the
emphasis on the please

So stop don't you cry

Because I can see in
your eye a tear going dry

So do us a favor
Just drop and you die

Wall

I'm building a wall
For they say

"don't be a stranger"

I'm not going to be
the one to fall

And in that there'
lingers the stare

Of the two dreaded pearls
As it screeches in despair

For lust and greed
Has made it infiltrate
And commit its deed

You wonder why I look sad
When out there in the world
There is so much bad

There is a love
buried deep inside
It still lingers there in my mind

It is old, used and broken
It was quite the soft-spoken

Tear for the saved

Left and unloved
Forgotten and betrayed
Of a life that was meant to be
Of a life that was promised

Forget all those lies told
All those bad memories old
What sick feeling in my gut
Makes me shiver with fear

Crawl, clime, grow,
walk, jog, run, jump

The words spoken of
strong men
Never the unpainted truth
With broken bones,

weak muscles,
falls & bruises

Knocks to the head,
a broken nose
and a bust up jaw

The unpainted picture
of the truth

Those that are heavy,
Insecure, Regretful,
ashamed and embarrassed
The homosexuals and lesbians

The "undesired"

How words can contain power
And with that power
you can break

Break people's hearts
And make them cry
A tear on the
corner of your eye

For all the murders
you have committed
But where is the tear
for all those
Lives that people have saved

Crack a whip

Smack Smack
My cries scream out
As she cracks the whip
As she yells her shout

Wooden spoon
All too soon
Every fucking afternoon

The emotion
The commotion

Of A battered child
These beatings aren't just mild

The chemistry that stirs
The revengeful plans
As my sight blurs

The limelight to be shun
For all this to be done
The get it over with

Down a naggin and
smoke a spliff

Abuse by any other name
Fuck Shakespeare
It's all about the shame

The hate in history

Hurt
Broken
Alone
Unspoken

A single devastating crime
A moment frozen in time

One tiny little speck
Stopping ones tiny lungs
From taking a breath

For the fear of being heard
For fear of being beat

Though it sounds so absurd
The story forever is incomplete

All the words and descriptions
All the drugs and prescriptions

Can't make a single
clock hand reverse

Can't change anything
in the universe

What makes a man whole
Is one big mystery

But to hug and console
Can change the hate in history

Power

Power is a right
Both earned and taken
3 big men + 1
vs an angry man

It's an unnecessary devastation
For what do they wish to gain?

One must ask
"for where have
they come from?"

Do they step into the light
Or hide in the
shadows of the night?

Waiting to hurt those
who have been hurt?

This hurt only causes
More Pain
More Isolation
More Depression

We should be aware that it is
The Face
The Job
The Muscle

However behind all of that
is the person

And we must ask
whether or not people project

Onto others their own hurt
and whether or not
This solves anything.

Shine Bright

Forgiveness and pain
Hurt and sorrow

How long does this
torment have to go on
Will it be over by tomorrow

Anger pain and fear
Too much hurt
No-longer able
to shed a tear

Drugged up mind
Unable to unwind
To feel any joy
I need more than a toy

Drinking a glass of some spirit
Is what I have to inherit

For everyday this battle I fight
To try to smile
To try to shine bright

All the hidden
scars underneath

Lying under all
the layers so deep

Healing so slow
Healing so pure

Pain will never be forgotten
The scars will never go away

But doing the best to cope
Is all I can do everyday

Coldness

The coldness of the world
The darkness of reality

The bleakness of the outside
Unsheltered
Unloved
Left all alone

For behind the television
On the sofa

You are protected
from the atmosphere
That can only exist out there

What we think we know
What we tell ourselves
in order to cope

What is with the
big fucking hoax
Is it all meant
to be some sort of joke

What we think we have
What we think we've had

Pain and suffering
is all the more real
When you give
it your attention

But who is there to look on
And help all the other
suffers in the world

All the ones who never care
who spend their
time in despair

Somali fucking pirates
And people say
they have had it bad

Division Glow

The divide between
the two sides
Only leaves them deprived

Feeling hurt and broken
Their voice is unspoken

The nervousness inside
Can only hurt one's own pride

What is it that
you have to show
Where in your life will you go

Where is it that I am heading
There is still a lot I am dreading

The power that I feel
It is strong like steel

For all that I have to show
Is there inside my inner glow

Bitch Please

Bitch please
I'll knock you
down on your knees
Your heart I will squeeze

Forever you see
Through these eyes of mine

Into the darkness that is hidden
The deep void
born out of nothing

But an unjust doing
That happened all too soon
All too young

With a damaged
half rotten lung

I fight on to take a breath
To grasp onto
my surroundings
To grasp onto my branch

To paddle down the river
And soar through the air

I'm left feeding
off of my despair
Off of the scent
Of her vagina hair

Feeling so horny
So lustful
Just wanting to grasp onto her
Sweet succulent thighs

Rubbing my hands down
her long luses legs
Grasping onto her
sweet soft breasts

Kissing her neck slowly
Nibbling her ear lobes
Running my fingers
through her toes

Breathing deeply
on top of her

As she pants
And she wants

Everything that I have become!

Dads

Dads and families,

the old woman
and the shoe

All the children
being able to fit
into bed so safe

Being in a place of rest,
peace and tranquility

Family difficulties
damaging us all

Effected for my lifeline
Just holding out for a lifetime

Please tell me how a man
is meant to be a man
With no farther
figure to be there

Growing up without that
head of the family

Please tell me how you could
imagine life to of been like

Please tell me what you could
imagine life to go on like

Is there a hole in the ground
out there with my name on it

Have they made
my bed for me yet,

What will the grave stone say?

Will there be a smell
of my nans house

That happy smell I once smelt

Just to feel safe
Just to be safe
Just to be secure

Addictions of what
Afflictions from what

What to think
Tell me when to blink

To ask one how they feel
Can help them begin to heal

From what do we
need to know
To move on with
the time do flow

To make these words
known I need
To speak these worlds
is the bread that I feed

Keeping sane
My energy does drain

To fight the trauma every day
To cope with the pain I do pray

Inside there is this strength,
but from it I want to Repent

HERO

A hero,

Someone to come pick me up
Someone to come show
me some love

Someone to laugh with
Someone to share memories
and good times with

Someone to make me proud
Make me strong
Make me tall
Make me be me

To be held and to be loved
To be told I am not bad
To be stood by
To be made me

That is the hero who never
Came in through the door

Who never came
to pick me up
Who never came
to show me some love.

No laughing,
No memories,
No good times

Never made proud,
strong and tall

Never held,
loved or stood by

There was no hero
There was nothing

CC373

Trying to be big
Trying to be the boss

When all Mark asked was

"Can I have the time please?"

A job to Police
A job to be Nice

It does not have to be
A game of cat and mice

For in the moment
For in that space

Look at everything
That did take place

"Don't judge him because
of how he looks Mark"

Hurt comes deep
from within us all

As projected by
anger in the end

Healing
Acceptance
Moving on

All to be happy
All to be free

Of that pain and hurt

Put upon thee
At thy birth

An act of greed

An act of greed
An act of selfishness
Who dare fucking say

The scares put upon thee
Since thy birth

I can no-longer overcome
No strength from within

In death may my misery end

For anyone I have ever known
If there was any
blimp of chivalry
To them there is an apology

As this mist comes in
And the storm does begin

At the end of the drop
My body will flop

This poetry I do leave behind
May one day it be
the find of the century
And be the freedom
from penitentiary

Fucked
From
Drugs!

Active

Addiction



30 in the old oak

"Neurolinguistics"

"Speech, thought, movement, vibrations, energy forces"

"Objects of protection

An insight

An idea,

A sense of interest"

"Ripples, air waves, motion, magnets, connection, Velcro"

"Matter, Sound, Balance"

"If I dance will they dance with me

If I stay will they come to me"

"The only way is not up, there is also down left and right" #

"Words can also be actions

words / actions / acknowledgment"

"Look above and they look at / look at and they won't look back"

"Don't acknowledge Ira Hayes - be unspoken"

(Breaking bonds,

So many people go in two's

The assholes need to be broken - walk directly into the center of them

Destroy their evil bonds)

(The flying sparks that have direction can be destroyed

If given attention/acknowledgment

Just let it be)

(...energy's connected once

Broken loose

Wire mesh

Sparks up the fire as the igniters of all that begins

The big bang!)

(Dance and they move

Step and they struggle

Command and they follow)

(a gentleman's robe, dropped on the floor, hearing with your ear lobe, power bursts in through the door)

Page list one

It is not right for the one who stands alone
For the jealous can gather against the one
And make it appear as if that one person is wrong

Legs warm,
I have my scarf and gloves

Missing my hat
Missing my hat
It's all about that
It's all about my hat

The crown
The 3rd eye
Keeping your chakra
Between you and I

This whole world around me
That has been created by those around me
For those around me
Ever before I was born
Footpaths and roads
Concrete jungles both large and small
Big metal gates to keep people out
Big metal prisons to keep people in
Distrust at a large scale
Yet I'm told that I am paranoid

Chemical cleanliness
Industrial and consumer
Coughing, no covering their mouths
Sad and angry in themselves trying to infect those around
them with their germs

Page list two

Shattered unto the broken
Pity unto the unspoken
When all is lost and gone
Of what good use can this be got

When all around people weaken their mental state

It is with power that my mental state does become

For who did say

"It is better to have loved and lost than to never had
loved in the first place"

For who can say without comparison that the statement may
be false

For the love that's got is the entire lot

In what way then can this love proceed

Into the next way of thinking

For it's this place, this fast tracked pace
That makes them (the "lot" remember?) a disgrace

When you think you have got his face
He reaches out and grabs your face
And it reaches in and takes me so forcefully and leads me
up and away from harms path

Scraps 1

All for good
These emotions die out
My inner child wants to shout
In the corner he sits and begins to pout
For the misery
And the shivery

Is changing
The first full moon is upon us
The old seasons are gone
This is one year in

So much has happened
So much has changed
Our dies
Our routine
Our minds

Psychological damage
A so called man
Never one of the lads
Left out of the interactions
Shunned into isolation

Alone, Scarred, Frightened
Just a small boy inside
Forever trying to undo what was done

The existence of the pitfall of abuse
The shattered life destroyed
Everything employed
Young and under-developed
Forever stuck in this box

Feeling per adolescence
All of the time
It is the result of abuse!

Defiance

To shine a light
That is so bright
To see everything so clearly
To love it so dearly
The manifestation of your perception
From drug use
To cope with abuse

If I'm to fall
To my knees to pray
If I was to fall to the ground
I'd cover my head with my hands and look around
And if who I expected was the one I saw
Then to them I would consider my all
For at the witching hour during the night
Its these very words that out I write
With no fear and nothing to hold onto dear
In a blink of an eye
All would disappear

Standing all alone
In the blink of an eye
What is this life form all around me
Who are you or I?

Like a bee in a wasp hive
It is me who is trying to survive
In this madness called life
Makes you want to pick up a knife

And just slice you neck
So you can escape the wreck
That you have been put in

What the fuck does it matter the colour of your skin
What the fuck does it matter whether you believe in a god
and sin

For it has been forbidden
That the fruits of the labour be hidden

For a number of different reasons
I'm sitting here breezin
With the air outside
Standing Bright with pride,

In my element
Just a tiny fragment
Of a universe so big
Do you get my drift
In this big bad world
Who can one find to love

Who can you kiss and hold
To hug and watch unfold
From a cocoon
To emerge into something
So beautiful to make you woo
Nothing ever seen in a zoo
Neither by me or you
It's the new pandoo
The magnificent beautiful butterfly

You were once you own body and soul
Now your living life
Buried in your hole
Isolated and separated
From the majority of man not knowing you power or if you
can

So stumble down and fall
In-front of dozens and all

That humiliated feeling
Grazed, slowly bleeding
A crusty scab
Lingers a smell so preh

It's all magic up to a point
Home and words and feeling good
Battled memories
Lay woken
Awkwardly
8 billing people
With no voice spoken

Defiance
Is all but
But undefiance

The stressful lives lie in wait
What are we all searching for

Smilers

You are a crook
You take from my country and land
Only caring for self-gain
There is pain in your eyes

I am a product of Beauty
Both parents failed at their duty
To not show love and just show hate
Has started this debate

If one is not shown any love
How can they stand without hate
In a world with a divide
Between two sides

Nothing ever changes
Love is where the hate is
Without love in our lives
There is only the hate that deprives
Creeps in and destroys
The relationships that we have built

Filled with anger
Filled with rage
Where am I going
In this stone-age
The monsters that haunt you
The ones who follow
Haunt me soul
Like there is no tomorrow

Smile, smile because the world needs smilers
Smile so those around you can smile
Smile so you can be happy

All the commotions
These fucking emotions
The flotation
Give me motivation
My nose is burning
My heart is yearning
For all the cocaine
Has messed up my brain

To be so high
Like a kite to fly

Thoughts are racing
My heart is pacing

Like a plane
That comes down to crash

Like the cat waiting
For its prey
Ready to pounce and dash

Losing my mind
All the times that pass
Slowly I rewind

Back to a time
When it wasn't so bad
Somewhere that I felt fine

The regretful lies
Inside me
The pain inside dies
The nightmare witnessed by these eyes
Inside the silent cries

As the sun comes up
And we climb out of the ocean
The sea begins to calm
And out comes the ocean dust

Rap 2

Love and Hate

From Pain
What is there to Gain

From Pain
What is Their Gain

There is hurt
There is anger
Time spent searching for self-gain is time wasted
Spend not of your own accord
And do unto them as you would have them do unto you

Seeing in the believing
Not worried
About deceiving

Stunning people all around
They are the crowd

Go forth smiling
And telling the stories
That makes all of this real
NOISE

An adult in an adult world
But inside I'm a child
A child who never grew up

Booky

Change is beautiful
Change is blissful
Change is wonderful

When it happens naturally

To force change
Is to alter the outcome

A crow, one late October Mourn
Looking for her gratitude
Her slim physique
His masculine Build
They are but life

The Mirrors of the world
The different Colour Lights
Reflecting back out onto others'

Change is good
Moving on is necessary
Distrust does not have its place

Be mindful of those around you
The world is around you

Be grateful of what you have
Respect the, the things others have
We chose how to spend our time

When you are tired and in need of rest
Choosing your resting place is not always an option
For where you think you may need to settle
Is not always the place for you

Use those that were bad
For that is their joy

Kindness is (not) always a choice and an option
Negative people may not always see it as this
For through the looking glass eye
The perception lies so differently

Madness

-(-Pain-)-

Hurt broken and empty
No self-drive, only doing what they tell me
Doing it why? I don't know
I can only look forward to the winter snow

-(-Favors-)-

Making someone's day
Only takes one favor, a kind word or gesture
Never knowing how people feel
Weather they are happy or not
It is good just to be nice

-(-Busy-)-

People so busy
Looking so strangely
Why not take the time to just be
Be yourself, be caring and kind
For you do not know what you shall find

-(-Pine Tree-)-

Hanging Swiftly
Lodged and curved over
It's the branches weight dragging it down
And once those acorns decide to leave
That branch will gladly be free

-(-Acceptance-)-

Rejection is something we push onto other people
That need not be the case
Accept the world as it is and it too shall accept you

-(-Smile-)-

Smile; Smile because the world needs smilers
Smile so those around you can smile
Smile so you can be happy

Projecting Insecurity's
Onto other people
For what reason or purpose
Dose this serve

-(-Deserving-)-

Deserving, what does it mean?

A light of removal is all one asked for,

Pure, simple

For all words have meaning

To one person or another

But accusations of suspicion

Only cause those to fight

Not knowing that one just wanted to

Disperse some literature

-(-Appearance-)-

Appearance so misleading

Only leading those not desired

Those that get chased and desired

Are not the ones meant to be

Provocative thoughts so flawless at a slight glance

Memories of difficult times gone past

Feeling like the moment is now

But if that is possible then how?

The advice "guidance"

The pushing slowly graveling is all for what?

To become "someone" "somebody" "something"

It's not about the money, cars and bling

Not worried bout the finger or the ring

Influenced by TV, Music, Games, Parents and Siblings

Kids on the block

The Disney's'' lion kings'

Circle of life in reality

Is the big business

Pitch sale on consumerism

Get people in debt, get them to owe you their shit and then

Fuck with their head with all your little mind games and

tricks

Get them stuck in the same job

A corruptive relationship

That just causes harm

Get them in a twist, grab them by the arm

Until you get your comeuppance

Phew

Do this mark - yes
Do that mark- yes

All ones fucking life being told what to do
Being pushed and shoved around.
So everyone else can get the little piece of you they want
for themselves.

Rodents and parasites sucking the light of day out of me
Rodents and parasites sucking any bit of joy I have away
Never been asked my opinion
Never being offered any help

Forget when one ends up in the gutter and needs a helping
hand
But what shitty feeling that leaves you.
When you realised you were only helped out of the gutter so
you can lick some other fuckers' balls.

Where were all those mother fuckers when I was losing my
mind and slipping up and falling off the edge.
Where was the help then

Where was anybody to help me avoid losing control of my
life
A so called life riddles with strife
Words mean nothing when there is no actions there to
support them,

When you see someone falling and someone grabs a-hold of
their hand
The question has to be asked,

Why did that person help peel the banana that had the skin
That ended up on the ground
That caused that individual to slip

Fucking misery and psychotherapy and all the crazy shit
that goes on in this so called place called mother earth.

When one is young and are learning who they are, the big
bad world tries to swallow them up into a fucking money pit
as quick as it can, so it can keep them lodged there until
the day the person dies.

Overpopulation is simply a money game, the more people
there are, the more food and aid that is needed
The more the gap widens between the rich and poor
The worse it gets, that is the squeak in the door

Stress

Take the time to think about those that have mattered to
you
Where they may be
Who they are with
What they are doing

Do not worry, just acknowledge.

The Universe has its own way allowing things to happen
Those things are outside our control
Fighting them only makes it harder to accept

Accept the things that come your way
Be not angry when things that matter to you are taken
The Universe Gives and it Takes

Mans' Greed just makes Matters worse

Stress: The pressure put upon us by fighting the way of the
Universe

It is this that kills and Destroys people's lives
And the lives of those around you

Do not avoid stress but rather live your life with
acceptance,
For it is this that will grow your Immunity to stress

9 lines

For if we are to ignore the things that have gone pass
How then can we move forward without dragging a little
Of each and every one of these things that all men carry

But in remembrance of these memories we can begin to
Let go of the burdens that have latched themselves onto us
As do they, latch themselves onto all men.

For the reactions we give to the situations we come across
Stem from the actions which we once experienced
Actions that become distant memories for all men

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Bullshit

How can words paint a picture
Of what was done
And from it what can come

Joy,
Love,
Bravery,
Anger,
Pain,
Fear

Growing up happens to everybody just the once
And it's a load of bullshit

Evil comes

The evil comes
Tries to cut me down

But the good stands by
Fighting on my behalf

Know that I have a scar
For the ones I have scarred

They may not forgive
But forgive do I

And because of that
I am now a better man

Thanks to the good
Who fights on my behalf

Cruel Intentions

Am I in a world designed for me
Am I in a world suited to me
Am I in a world I've been conditioned to fit into
What sort of world am I in???

What sort of world have I been born into
What sort of world have I been raised in
How am I meant to fit into this world
What should I take from this world

Should I hesitate before I make decisions
Should I make decisions without thinking of the
consequences

Should I continually think of the inequalities in this
world
Are the inequalities of this world even real
Or is it all an illusion by man
To get me to do the things I'm asked

Is the fact people are dying and starving all a myth
Do people actually die or is it a charade of some sort

Children, so small, however small, they still grow
Of what and from what do they grow
Of what and from what have I grown

Are memories real
Is this body I fit into real

What illusion is all of this???
What madness is all of this!!!

Mind games played by those in power
For what is it they hope to gain?

Composition

In the eye of construction
Is the mind of destruction

Opposittize

Inside I'm dying
Crippled heart, Bleeding
Cause I'm dying

Poets are not made
They are born
Let me be, I'm gonna be free

Words unspoken
Chocking, toking, joking

This is my shadow, the tall dark figure
So courageous and strong, he defends all harm
Done no wrong, but takes the blame
To be slain for the sins of others

To be slain for the sake of others

Whoever she may be, she is part of this history
Where from has he come
To him what was done
His kindness radiates
Out from behind the gates

With love an emotion
Poetry is his devotion
These emotions flow out
Energy they do shout

For it is a disgrace
That emotions can be difficult to face
Weather drunk or sober
The new world order
Is up in their face
Like a kick ass steel mace

With a clatter to the head
Sends them early to bed

To have to face what's real
For them is a big fat deal
Hitting it hard,

Like the glass shard

That pokes into the injured soul of my fair lady
Who is the only one
To of ever won my heart
Though people pile on me all their stuff
I hold my head up high
I walk tall and straight
With a strong fist
In this there is no twist
To tumble and turn
These words do I burn
I'm wet and old
Broken and cold
Filled with despair
Going nowhere
This syrup that I drink
Makes me deeply think
Of the past and pain
From hurt there is nothing to gain
Just filled with pain,
From everything that people are saying
With one's history there is mystery
In who they have become
Because of what was done
For the scars that line them
Are the scratch marks of the prison cell
They were trapped in hell
From heaven they fell
Broken wings
No more kings
Just the righteous men

In a bad place in a time
Gone past
Growing up really fast
Who were once then
The ones not small
Who held their heads tall
And in the night
Filled with fright
From this pain
There is nothing to gain
Disappointment
Jealousy
Kindness
Love
A leadership where
Nobody does care
Highway to hell
Ringing the church bell

Another Composition

My ghetto gospel is one of love and pain
Is one of a youthful mind,
Filled and drilled with lies
Told by the one close to you
The one who hurts you
The one who makes you wet the bed
And eat Jesus as the bread
The things you do
When you live in fear
And the back lash is has on your adult life
It's the shit that's the truth
And it's the shit that's true
So come on
Stand up for what's right
Fight for the weak
And the beaten
Those who are defenseless
And cannot defend themselves
The ones who are young and will
Live on young in mind
And their growth is stunted
For the shit that was done to them
Where is the justice
In all of this
For this,
This is my ghetto gospel!

And as I grow older
And continue down my righteous path
That I choose and drive
I bow my head in misery
And raise it up when the sun comes out,
And I jump and dance with the glow of the moon
For it's the darkness that allowed me to live
It's the hidden nature in us
And it's the freedom one has when no-one is watching
It's the secrets we live by
And the codes that fly by
The laws written by man,
Mean fuck all in the plan
For one's end is another beginning,
But why should people have to wait that long,
What happened to all the love
Where is it gone right now,
I can't find it
Peek a boo
The game I loved as a kid,
Tip the can all night long
And kick it in the mourning

Living life day by day
Drilled in full of fear
All you want is to stop the tears
But the odd thing is that right now in life
All I want to do is cry
And feel those tears so I can feel my fears
And feel like there is something real inside
The oppressed once freed, how they behave
And go about their life is a mystery
But the greatest mystery to me is why
I feel like I need that oppression once again.

The things I remember from that life so distance
And the memories that flood my brain
The good and the bad all over
It's another thing not to remember
But it's the step I need to take
To remember what once made me cry
The day I realized I was free
And my own man
The moment I stood up and broke off the shackles
That was strapped on me as a child
Who decided that they could write and plan my future
Its total failure
What was she thinking
She's stabbed herself in the back.
For I am now my own man,
The ones I grew up with don't know me
People who think they have it all figured out
Are far from the truth
For once again
I like the memories of losing a tooth
The pain of the missing
And the feel of the roots
This orb is a floating mist
Like a cloud on the ground with wheels
Vroom vroom around on my broom
The witch of the night
Flies her kite
Up in the breezy air of the sky.

The brother I should have
Is nothing but a fool
Of my motherfucking drool
What brother
His not my brother
She's not my sister
The crutch from the hospital
Is the only sibling I have
It's the only support that carries me on
Talk smack
Smoke crack
All this is just jack
Jack shit
The concept of family
And all its misery
Who would want that burden
You can tell me
Because I don't have the answer
1 2 3 4 5
I'm starting to feel alive
Now 22
Trying to not act
The size of my shoe
Meditation and yoga and all that
If you ask me it's all a load of crap
You need to stand up
Drink from a cup
Give up the baby's bottle
And start to walk tall

Worldly Possessions

Worldly possessions fall swiftly down to earth
Where unsteadily the in-balance grows outward
Towards the pushing boundaries that line the circle of life
In its entirety, peacefully aware of nature's growing
abilities
With this makes us fall and bow down.

That time draws close
Waiting patiently to pounce
And run as far away as possible in its entirety

Who out there is blissfully aware?

Late night writing to a tea at 1.10am.
Listening to Doll radio non sexual
Influencing sound waves of different frequencies

To the touched torched lining on top of my tongue
So loosely separated piece by piece

So easily as influential poetry written by a dying state of
willful life

So dali and loosely stitched together
Twine and linen so dodgily placed side by side
As they struggle for space
And face one another swords edge

So darkly lit in the evenings night-lined sky
So widely viewed in an un-comparing impairing
State of pure ecstasy

To speak in a sparky state of cat
Staring out

Bland

Outward Appearance
So false, so true
To hit with words
Is more than with might
For in him I saw the fright
That was born of something
Was born of something.

He who needs, Shall not look,
He who wants, Shall not find

This orange so round
This orange so orange

What grapefruit of what orange
Is this juice I drink from

For of the peel
For of the scent
The weirdness you feel
Of your hands soaked drench

What the fuck is greasy hair
Oily hair
Dry hair
It's all ones opinion
What matters as-long
As there is no
Bad smell or dirt

Shave your head
Shave your head
Get a hair cut
Get a hair cut
Do this
Do that
People and their opinions can fuck off
Don't tell other people what to do

Empowerment

What is the difference between "loners"

In my youth I recall wanting\needing
friendship\love so badly

I was singled out in all social circles as the weird kid

Of course this is something that has affected me, there is
no two ways about it

However when so many people look upon my situation and say
"That must have been difficult" I say that it must be
difficult for them

To compare family situations, and look upon their own as
something

"Normal". I see them as the ones who had it difficult.

For I have realized something in myself, and inner strength
that once

Was the pitfall into my weakness.

Isolation\loneliness and being the "loner"

For I was never one who chose to be on his own,

I just didn't fit in,

And as I transgressed into my teenage years

This became more and more clear in the painting of my soul.

However where I stand now, at 23 years of age.

I am beginning to see the loneliness and isolation

In everybody else.

It is now beginning to affect all of them,

However I have become resilient to this effect

So thus I am the one with the power.

I do not brag, I empower myself. Always.

For who else can praise and empower one

Better than themselves

Explicit

The way of the world
As explicit as it may be
In acceptance are
We selling ourselves

For in that what are we loosing
Exponential, funky people
Out doing
Being
Artful

As he walks through the valley of the shadow of death, the
Shepherd guides his lost lamb and protects him from the
hungry wolfs.

For he is the poet, the one who knows it
The one who has lost all
The one who is discovering his lost cause

When all is lost and gone,
And his body begins to age

This mind will remain young
And that child in him will stay

The one who was lost and who was never found
Only to be left growing up at the pound

All creativity, all imaginary
No Christianity, No shivery

Dance, Move, and tap your feet
To the rhythm and the feel
Of the sweet ole beat

Growing up ain't easy for me
Growing up away from my home on the lee

Anything lost, is only lost to be found
So once discovered
Get ready to be crowned

Every king must once be a prince
So find a queen
That with you can mince
The stressful lives lie in wait
What are we all searching for
Projecting insecurity's onto other people
For what reason or purpose
Does this serve

Deserving what does it mean, a light of removal is all one
asked for. Pure. Simple.
For all words have meaning.
To one person or another.
But accusations of suspicion.
Only cause.
Those to fight.
Not knowing that one just wanted to.
Disperse some.
Literature.

Appearance so misleading.
Only leading those not deserved.
Those that get chased and desired
Are not the ones meant to be.

The advice "guidance"
The pushing shoving grueling
Is all for what?
Top become "someone" "somebody" "Something"
It's not about the money, cars and bling
Not worried bout
The finger or the ring.

Influenced by TV, music, games, parents, siblings
Kids on the block
The Disney's' Lion kings' circle of life
In reality is the big business
Pitch sale of consumerism.

Acceptance

Rejection is something we push onto other people
That need not be the case
Accept the world as it is
And it too shall accept you

Pine Tree

Hanging swiftly
Ledged and curved over
It's the branches weight dragging it down
And once those acorns decide to leave
That branch will gladly be free

People so busy
Looking so strangely
Who not take the time to just be
Be yourself
Be caring and kind
For you do not know what you shall find

Favours

Making someone's day
Only takes one favour, a kind word or gesture
Never knowing how people feel
Weather they are happy or not
It is good just to be nice

Pain

Hurt, Broken and empty
No self-drive
Only doing what they tell me

Doing it why?
I do not know
I can only look forward to the winter snow.

Memories of difficult times gone past
Feeling like the moment is now
But if that is possible, then how?

With our brains do we think
A speck of life born in a blink
What was brought to you
The point you stand at
Will your heart wear
A black or red Santa hat
For the actions you make
And the decisions you take
Can affect that burden upon your heart
Forget the Jesus
Forget the god
This is not about insults
But rather about living
For all life has to give
For all life has to take
There is no debate
Smile / Laugh / Cry
But most importantly heal
Heal from all the pain
So in this life you can gain
The ability to have the agility
To say you are truly happy
Turning back the clocks
Will do not any good
Telling others what to do
Is not up to me or you
But rather listen and lend an ear
You may learn something from what you hear
We all carry an emotional scar
But it is up to you for how far
Let down those barriers
And do not hurt those that do
But rather be kind
For I have feelings
And so, so do you

3 mins

Love life and matter
All the things in my life I once cared for
Gone out my bedroom window with a single gust of wind
The things I had desired in my youth
Never came, never came, never came
It was a dark cold hole
It was there that I was left to dwell on my thoughts
It was there I was left to develop
What influence?
Negative energy influence
Conversation?
What is conversation,
It is something I find a fucking challenge
A mean old challenge
Communication techniques
Words spoken
Words received
Messages sent
Messages spoken
Love? What is love?
Shouting at your child
Telling the boy what to do
Never asking him how he would like to be treated
Or just showing him some love

Indoctrinated

Moving on from my trauma, moving on to find peace
Taking each doors approach differently and observing each
situation individually

Some people write letters and then throw them away,
But writing and sending letters is a whole different kettle
of fish,

What works for one my not work for everyone
But I am a poet,
So send what I write,
Why would I not

To each individual,
That has had a big impact
From me they will hear
It will be a matter of fact

For the wrong that they did
And the wrong that they do
I shall not stand back
And watch them continue

The best that you can do
Some people say
Is to turn your back
And steadily walk away

Words have power
Words have meaning
When I write
My face is gleaming

So send letters I do
And I shall continue
To the day arrives
That they know
Not to mess with me

Turning my back,
Walking away
Saying nothing
And going astray

Is the path I was
Indoctrinated to take
Was a path
I was indoctrinated to do

Painting a picture

1000 word description for the paintings inscription
The top left corner, is the USSR's former
Military leader, don't blame him neither
For the cold war was a post-war, anti-war
Struggle for control, for the dead they did console
The communist VS the democrat, that was a matter of fact
Dictatorship in its own tranquility, born out of insanity

As the breeze moves over to the right
We turn to see the dark night
With no clouds in sight we get a weary fright
For the vampires and beasts, roam the lonely narrow streets
Smoking and drinking, solidarity in their thinking
The long lost dreaded doomsday lies not so far away
Jack the ripper is yet to be caught; his butchering has
left a clot

As the sun rises to the east of the Vampire and beast

Inside the pain draws weary to gain
Much please from life now
Is my daily struggle and bread
As I kneel by my bed
To pray to an old friend of mine
My heart, in it he used to shine

But I saw some rough shit happen
In memories gone past
My body is not of great mass

Beaten down and broken
Chairs toppled over me
Being thrown around like a rag doll

But all the less being told it was the will of god

And to shed a tear, is my biggest fear
For IV cried rivers growing up
Rivers of gold and rivers of silver
Down my spine is a tingly shiver

This blood line that is meant to be mine
From where did I descend, who the fuck did god send
No broken relationship will I amend

Hurt broken
A voice unspoken

Is the dark thing we do not speak of
Is the dark thing we seek out
It is the reason we linger about

For this all went on in the daylight to the east.
And below the sun,
Among the narrow windy streets
Are many stories of many people
All untold, as they go about their stress of life,

Smoking and chocking,
Fast-food and sugary diets
Obesity, alcoholism,
Drug use and suicide

Is a mass part of our society
That which we stand with pride

And underneath all those old wives tales
All those little white lies

The catholic diocese of Ireland
The crusades flown out throughout Europe in the 16th centry

Protestant paranoid England
Comes over with the sword
Of fear that their enemy's may use this land
To defeat them.

But they came in such a horrible manor,
One of disgust and hate-rid

Poet Born

I write, it is that I do,
People ask me how to write poetry or become a poet.
It is not about rhyming words together for fuck sake.

It is not an anger raged fighting rapper

It is not an attention seeking singer/writer Guitar player

For me it is the loneliest place that a person can go to.

It is the one who never had a voice
It is the one who was picked on by their peers
The one who was ignored
The one who was sent into isolation at a very age

That they needed something to keep them going
The one without a farther
The one whose mother just showed disgust towards
Whose siblings hated him
The one who was isolated from everyone

And there in that dark place, he yearned for love
And had a deep desire for some sort of a relationship

And there in that place he needed to vent out his
frustrations

But had no-one anywhere to talk to,

Had a so called "god" that lived in his imagination

So he wrote
And wrote

Every emotion that he needed to get out
All the shit that was affecting him

A need to vent where one cannot find any other way to vent

There in that place is how a poet is born.

Painters paint and say look mommy at this,
People help and guide them

Poets, they have no one

Quotes

#1

The ones who write a song
It is them who do belong
To this society
Without the anxiety
Of a troubled abusive past

#2

Guns and knives
May take lives
But words will
Dig deep and hurt

#3

I argue with the world
Because maybe the world is wrong
All the lies
Lye waiting in disguise

#4

The pounding beat of my heart
Makes me feel alive
It's the only thing I will miss
When I die

#5

Do you want to hear a poem
I wrote it when I was alone

#6

In life we can do
What in death we cannot
But how many people
Take advantage of that

#7

Don't be a hater
Mr Alligator
This is my bog land
The police I do remand

Scrap notes

I write this rhyme
Slowly with time
Sounds pass me by
The pigeons rise and fly

Up so high
Up in the sky
Where nothing else matters
Where emotions get squashed

Slowly we move on.
I love you so much
Just stay in touch

Mr alcoholic
His problematic
Acting shambolic
His o so static

At the dawn of the night
When people stumble and fight

I'm sitting back
Without a beanie cap

Deserving a slap
And all of that

The beat goes on
They play my song

All of a sudden
I'm flappin and a fussing

My emotions come out
They begin to shout

Slap and scream
Having a bad dream

More and more
I open the door
To the unknown
Plain emotions have flown

Can you comprehend

Can you comprehend
What it is like to mend

A broken heart
Stabbed with a dart

Through and through
It will bleed for you
See you in the new
When all is due

At some stage
This will all be played
For the young in me
Died last century
All these lyrics will be
The ones I have set free

Jealousy

To Envy ones Jealousy
Their favorite emotion
It is like drinking a magical potion

To be at strife ones entire life
To be riddled with guilt
Wanting to hide under a quilt

Filled with sorrow just waiting for tomorrow
Till Her lips one can kiss
And be filled with bliss

Howls of my mind

The howls of the mind
Scream out

The walls begin to cave in
An inwards rush of emptiness
Leaves behind this shattered feeling

Like a storm thorn area
There is no relief in sight
All resources have been depleted

Fragments scattered everywhere
So few and far between
The dust particles begin to set

The wolves beginning to appear
As the night begins to approach
For they are hungry too

Run I say, Run away and don't look back,
We will meet somewhere in the future
When all this is behind us and forgotten

This mind is gone, used up, broken

Positively

It's hard to stand by
We gotta fight on and try
To better ourselves

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

The things that have passed by
Will only teach us to try
To better ourselves

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Rest in peace.
Those who have passed on
Never let them be forgotten

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Born into this world
out of our mother's womb
fed baby food with a spoon

hang tight young warrior

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Find yourself and become lost
In a twist and a knot

Get out of that maze

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Only words can be spoken
To help them who are choking

Strengthen them
with encouragement

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Isolation. . .
Depression. . .

Falling into nothingness
In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Maturity can only be found
When you get spun around

By those who you once loved
In this world of uncertainty

Ponder

Do you see the pain,
Can you feel the love,
From deep sorrow,
Comes ones cry,

Of all that could be,
All that's been seen,
The horror,
The screaming,

The deceiving,
The bereaving,
From where one comes from
Makes them who they are

The difficulty that lies
Beneath all the lives
Of the ones who I've met
Cannot be compared

To aspire to greatness
Is to overcome
What was done
To one when they were young

The wrong-doings
That came from greed
The misfortunes
That had to happen

To make one who they are
And try to smile everyday

I will leave to be pondered upon.

What the hell is reality

Pain cannot be forgotten
for what then can be gotten

Out of the lesson
it brings forward

In this world of uncertainty
What the hell is reality

Teaching the young
from the old

Is worth more than
all the money and gold
That this world can give

For it is the bridge
between the world
of uncertainty and
the world of reality

A pencil sketch of a landscape. At the top, a large, fluffy cloud is drawn with simple, rounded lines. Below the cloud, on the left side, is a plant with a thick, vertical stem and several long, thin, curved leaves or branches extending upwards and outwards. The background is filled with light, horizontal pencil strokes, suggesting a misty or rainy atmosphere. The overall style is minimalist and sketchy.

Dementia

Praecox

Dear Fellow Humans.

Can somebody please explain to me
what the purpose of this life is supposed to be?
Sent to education at a young age
where we're told not to express rage.
Where into adulthood we erupt
a set environment which is corrupt.
We develop into a branded flavor
where we learn to follow the enslaver.
Shown all these ideas of so called liberty
which we feed on through our puberty.
Habits which we come to accept
to be seen is thy true effect.
The mixed up mess we call our mind
has too much junk for any mankind.
For this instinctive architecture
is too complicit for native nature.
Slavery has all but yet to cease!
Obedience hinged by the police!

Led to be misled

The sorrow of the heart

as slow as it goes

thumps thunder from the dark
as lightning shows

the difficulties in life
are much to be spoke

carrying so much rife
till it ends by a stroke

the misleading forces
that lead us to bear

shurround us with endorses
signed and sent to where

not knowing what to believe
with endless contrary statements

science has done all to deceive
with fables of engrossment's

Sounding like something once known?
Which also punished doubt.

Prior to science what ruled the throne?
Was that not god the one devout?

the misleading forces
that lead us to bear

should really do more courses
instead of repeating their share.

...

I'm a world full of false reality.

Where everybody seen is just a fatality.

to their demise,
and their disguise.

gullible to the T,
of their reality.

Told to sit and thus they do,
They blindly follow without a clue.

Sadly obedient & molded like jelly,
Where "truth" is learned from the telly.

I'm a labyrinth full of the superficial.
Your just programmed to be beneficial!

Run along now little commoner,
do as your told and leave the manor.

I know you can't see past my many distractions.
The wool over your eyes is the cause of your actions.

I'm a world full of false reality.
Where your simply just ...

... another fatality.

tap tap

Used to be doped up
and used to be asleep

locked up in my own pain
where there was no fin to gain

but now how am I supposed to handle
the world is burning down like a candle

seeing people who slowly get fucked
by the system not giving them enough

our minds, the object that they persuade
were slowly tuned like the timber on a lathe

and am I just supposed to stand by and watch
the pain of others that was once mine was it not

What sickness of man is to just ignore
others as they lay there on the floor

But what if only that was to be you
you don't have one single fucking clue

too busy tapping away on your phone
without realizing that you're just a drone

simple instruction and simple ways
a good servant is one who obeys

so why be bothered to ask a smart question
when it's just easier to follow all suggestion

tap tap
away on the phone

don't you realize
they've turned you into a drone

Remix

Center stage

if this be played

a heart of rage
in this cage

of life, where we all be but full of strife
starvation and cruelty of man be rife

our most inner workings
like the copper of a wire

are exposed to elements,
such as the rust be dire

broken people will only
destroy another

the healing channel
is just but smother

So why can't we but just rewind
the fucked up nature of mankind

The life of man be need remade
such as this be the center stage

We've crossed a line
that is sublime

Business as capitalism
has long been feudalism

For democracy
That we see shred

...

Was but a remix

that just misled.

Premonition

To Pre see my time
The end of dusk

To leave with peace
All troubles tusk

For this life it is
Only for a moment

Before we go
we're merely just a component

The difficulties undergone
The troubles we pass trough

Lined scars of the mind
Words fall short of being true

Pawns to the master
old methods forgot

Just an ole number
it's all we've got

How fucking old
can one really reach

aged pain to mature
unknown speech

To Record My Track

To record my track
with some lyric and that

The music that I play
will it sound ok

I don't know what to say
for the fact of the track

so used to jotting down
the anger and the pain

expressed as a poem
I never knew a home

when it finally came time
to get out of my mind

the abuse had passed by
but i could no longer cry

for those many years
that I was a child

shredding tears
was my daily survive

but it's the only reason
that I'm still alive

for the drink and the drugs
gave me much more fucking hugs

that my family ever could of!

You tell me that sounds tough
You tell me that sounds rough

well you're not the one that was
in and out of the mad house

you're not the one that was
treated like a piece of shit mouse

stuck in the trap
caught in a snare

the loose that was tied
by the family that didn't care

And where did they all go
was there no more hate to show

was I to be crucified by rage
so the story could never be played

the one of all that hurt
that I received since my birth

cause I know I'm fucked up
justifiably rightly so

do you think cause I was abused
I'm supposed to be fucking slow

it is cause I was abused
I could never mentally grow

because I was born into survivor mode

the shit soldiers train for
when they're going to go to war

so they know how to handle the stress

so it doesn't chew them up
and turn them into a pest

who cries for his cup
and that's him at his best

forever a pup
instinctively scared
fed fear
to shed a tear
the moment anger blared

and that was on a nice day
when 50 times he had to pray

that all of it would come to a stop
that his heart would give out
so dead he could drop

So ya I'm fucked up
and to be quite frank

I wouldn't have it any other way
because today is the day
that forever I prayed

that forever I begged
I could just be fed

I don't want no hurt

don't want to dig my
own grave in the earth

with my own bare hands
feeling no-one understands

rowing a boat out to sea
to jump from the misery

of the pain
too great to bear

because for my whole life
I've been caught up in a snare

the one that my family placed there

so please define to me family
tell me it's supposed to be happy

So I can tell you what it's like in an asylum
being injected synthetic embryonic hymen

so for just one small moment
you can feel loved by the component

So you can have a blank mind
whilst restrained and confined

because they see you as a danger
when the truth is far stranger

but the doc don't have enough ink in the pen
to write about every single moment
of the abuse that happened when
you were just a small child

and about the food you were denied

and the chairs that were
thrown at you cause you cried

but that's ok
let's not speak about that

because that was
back when I was being a brat

when the punishment was
to be branded
by my own mother

but I'm now the problem
because I cant face life
without this shit

so it's time to go get it
from another dick

the man who wasn't there
the man who didn't care

about me as a child
and the love I was denied

oh but I'm the problem

the terror
the nuisance
the brat

How am i supposed to live with that

fuck all of you
and your ignorance too

for each bit of ink
on my body that is a tattoo

has given me more love
than any of you

so run away and hide
bury your face in your shame

I won't be used to fill your pride
I won't be used for financial gain

because it is I that writes the truth of the lie

that forever you told
that forever you deny

of the fucked up hate
that lay there in wait

which you don't wish to debate
for the emotions it may create

will be far too heavy
for either of you to face

as these were the things
you both dumped on me

as these were the things
to cause so much misery

the unbearable anger pain fear
which needed drink to shed a tear

and this was the cross
her religion was supposed
to spare me of

this was the cross
her religion
nailed me too

those born again evangelicalist's
are the pharisees of today

those born again evangelicalist's
are the ones going to hell to pay

the price of their own slough
the filth that they have thought

to small children
who've been bought
to pay the pastors way

and fuel his ego as they pray
the words which he tells them to say

so can someone tell me
is it no surprise I'm crazy

when I was punished for being lazy
whilst on med's that made me hazy

by the very bastard who mastered
how to sting me with his venom
to make me feel most unwelcome

like it was I that was telling a lie
of the very abuse
and the laceration to the eye

the cunt who didn't want to hear me cry
because it was much easier for him to deny

his own inability to be a man
or to love his son any way he can

It was far easier to treat him as an unease
and to make him feel like he was a disease

the very actions which justified
all the bullying he'd ever received

and this was the man
I had asked for love from please

so for the very last time
and to finish off this rhyme

Yea I'm fucked up
So what?

卐 Government Control 卐

The mind of the wicked
the self sustained plight
those who bear conviction
demolished of human life

brought on by the force
of psychological control
bent by obedience
against humanity as a whole

like a well trained dog
who believes it's his choice
chooses to bear the smog
for some ideal rejoice

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

Told there's a choice
get a mortgage or rent
but this scenario shows
that choice is absent

but the truth really
that forever the grip
of the sick peado
pulls further to rip

like a great big vine
it forever spreads
there is no line
it just further embeds

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

Born into the belief
of a so called norm

perceived as different
when you don't conform

to the plan of the man
his rules and regulations
titled "international law"
by his own united nations

the very scale and degree
of article so and so
an effect we're yet to see
the truth we just don't know

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

the ones who choose
the choice's we're allowed
are the very crooks
who raped and cowed

with invasion they came
to each native nation
for resources pillaged
to pay their donation

the unspoken abduction
of what was burnt and lost
their great destruction
they had to cover the cost

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

They force out Jobs
To occupy our time
for fear of true thought
they coined the phrase "crime"

to restrict the chance
of the slaves rebel
all their free time
they decided to sell

so the market rose
by controlled inflation
forced fear to impose
an increase in agitation

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

They coined a campaign
to sell us more lies
and we swallowed it up
that they value all lives

noth be of any value
we're just a resource
mined for a period
till time comes for divorce

and just like that
like a wicked bitch
they take half your crap
and leave you at the ditch

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

to con a mental illness
for the ones who see
the truth of this life
and all their trickery

they decided to increase
the somatic tendency
all mans thinking
went into inverse pendency

so then the state
of the sober mind
they began to infiltrate
to fuck up mankind

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

and to relax any hesitant
they make you believe
they work in your favour
but their laws deceive

And just like a dog
they have made you stretch
giving them your paw
so they let you play fetch

In this sick so called world
advertised dreamed fiction
has our minds hurled
into the hands of addiction

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

and do we enjoy
the lies that they tell
or is our hope that
gets us through this hell

for its far too easy
to believe their crap
its staged progress
makes us tolerate this trap

as far gone curiosity
and human ego
that false generosity
to mislead an amigo

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
government control

because we don't stand up
and we don't say no
we don't say stop
we just say go
we take it up the ass
from the sick peado
that we like to call
...
...
government control.

A Poem for the Slain

once robbed of a special moment

that could not be brought back

Where the pain near brought death
Had to learn to go on and forgive

For the anger just ate and grew
took over everything I knew

A Lost childhood
that couldn't be returned

Searched the walls of my mind
But still, could not find

It wasn't something that'd lost
but rather something
that'd been robbed

And now I've moved on
so far down the rails of time

Looking back I can only cry
for that child that stood there
only wanting to die

For the love of life
Yes, I have found

And the old hurt child
Will forever be missed.

This Plain

What is this plain that I have landidly found myself upon

Where when I look around all I see is strange happenings
of creatures who call themselves human
yet depict such great inhumane behavior

What is this evil that I've found myself living within
such as a flower lost among the marsh and bramble
of life's great accomplishments depicted only as so
according to the praise of all others

Where such superficial emotion is portrayed
on the sound waves of what it is that we call speech
yet is solely used to boast and teach that which
we ourselves firstly deem to be true

Welcome to the plain of hell which be your eternity

Learned Hate

A kid of pain
with no boss

No where shown
full of loss

Left out
locked away

Kept in the dark
shown no sway

Thought no love
only pain

Learned hate
was the game

An enclosed heart
bricked up wall

No escape
just the fall

Drug

Free

First Hand

Go outside and
walk through the town.
You see the drunk
upon whom you look down.

What do you see?
What do you understand?
That person is stuck,
lend them a caring hand.

Drug and drink culture
at first can be fun.
Then it is the nurture
to sustain one.

Like a chemical fertilizer
Used on a piece of land.
Stop the supply!
Nothing will stand.

Try to understand why
one can be stuck.
In their mist of fertilizer
who placed the hook?

Nobody makes the choice
to end up in that situation.
You should realize that
and so should the nation!

Why is that person stuck?
What got them there?
"oh I'm going to be an addict
and nobody will care" ?

Just think for a moment
of that persons life.
Did something happen
to fill them with strife?

The drug and the bottle
is such an easy resort,
to somebody who...
Well, Never had any comfort.

Clear Mind

The beauty of the mind
It is ever so kind

To express yourself
And live with joy

Overcome any distress
Become a success

Begin to aquatint,
In your mind paint

A beautiful memoir
To be seen from afar

A bright shining light
Seen through the night

Love, Care, Compassion
The new fashion.

The soul and heart
They can't live apart

A link so clear.
That will always endear.

Alive Inside

What goes on inside
when you feel so alive

I had my long rest
in the safe birds nest

Now has come the time
To begin the long climb

Learn to build something
the yang of the ying

Stay positive and always true
This is all so very new

With this perfect chance
To go out and enhance

Let's begin the upgrade
For the right parade

Lie in wait with an outward view
Aim to make a positive breakthrough

Leave Behind

For all those times I took the drug
For the way it affected my head
I was more than a silly ole tug
Lucky that I didn't end up dead

Bright stars and clear sky's
Can't be seen when clouds
Are all around your disguise

Look forward, dead on straight
With a positive perspective
Leaving behind all that hate

Surrounded by miserable cries
Once completely misunderstood
Caused by misfortunes inside
If it was you, you would.

The Freed

If one looked at thou
The man who I am now

You might get a surprise
That I used to wear a disguise

Hiding behind many a thing
Injured with a deep sting

Going in circles round a maze
Stuck there for many a days

Ended up there for so long
Self pity of what went wrong

Unexplained deep mystery
Of what is now history

Move strong and proceed
Take one's own life's lead

Once a slave who has been freed.

Dice Roll

The drug crazed life
At the roll of a dice
feeling frustrated
going around hesitated

A continues never-ending loop
limited ways out of the group
every part of the mind a blur
forgetting everything that did occur

Out of that loop i finally came
For the things I did I carry shame
I was locked in, inside of my head
There was many hurt that I spread

To see the world through another's eyes
would what you see bring tears and cries

Needle pin

For every little single needle pin
that lies there planted beneath the skin

Each one of these carries a note
something that in the future
You can use for your own quote

Look at each and every thought
The battles that once were fought

Brings to you a significant question
For the answer you will search
In the end you learn an important lesson

Allow this knowledge to stick
Don't let it pass by so quick

Settle down and take a seat
Allow the calmness to flow
After all it will make you complete

Dart

To the world that does destroy
children are more than a toy

with an open minded heart
damaged by the hit of a dart

fired with such precision
caused by a parents decision

to neglect and reflect
unto thy wound will die

Moving forward

Moving on forward
Moving on away
Times nearly up
I can no longer play

With alcohol and drugs
How it affects the head
If I took one more risk
I would end up dead

This is no joke
This is no game
I don't want to go back
To being insane

It is way too easy
To take it all so light
I'll end up in the morgue
By the end of the night

There is no entire escape
From the inner beast
At any given moment
He could decide to feast

Be aware of the risks
Know how to be wary
The thought of going back
I can tell you is so scary

As a survivor of addiction
Being one of those who got out
All those past experiences
They make you want to shout

Keep the head above water
Your out of the crowd
Pick your new destiny
Move on and be proud

Instance of life

Drink & took drugs for such a long time
Only two options at the flick of a dime
Either the head or the tail
50/50 chance of what will entail

Those roads that diverged in the woods
This one took me awhile to reach adulthood
I've seen the darkness and came to understand
A life lesson sitting in the palm of my hand

The good in the world, it does still exist
To find it though, you must persist
With so many people held back by greed
Once captured, it's difficult to be freed

Drastic changes may be called for
To have an effect lasting evermore
In my life I have met many a knop
People that think they are at the top

To take charge and implement change
Break out of your norm, become strange
It took me a very long time to recognize
The properties that made up my disguise

What caused me to create this object
Of which I was the sole subject
One cannot just delete a variable or an array
Load a past save or go back to yesterday

I once looked upon time as my rival
I wanted it to go back to my arrival
So I could attempt to remove an emptiness
By stopping it from ever coming into existence

There was many an attempt I made
To reformat what to me 'god' gave
That old rival I mentioned called time
Has become a number one friend of mine

Moving on past

Moving on forward in this life
Moving on away from any strife
There are choices that we make
Don't we all deserve a clean break

The tempo and the pace
You can't defeat in a race
Many have once tried to write
The path for the darkness to the light

When one learns to live and just let go
Those bottled up feelings, out they flow
That gallivanting monkey of times' past
Actions' damage amounted to a great vast

Opportunity sits at the door waiting to be found
Free yourself from what it is, that to, you are bound

Every hurt and heartbreak looks for a cure
How long it takes though, you can't be sure

Each and every challenge that we pose
The outcome I say, nobody knows.

Don't let yourself be bothered by those woes
Because the outcome I say, nobody knows.

Burnt Out

I don't know if I'm
young or old

I just go with the flow
down the yellow brick road

Forever deprive of love
by a family who just shove

A boys heart into the fire place
yet have the audacity
To call him the disgrace

A Vision of reality

When one can finally stand up tall,
Ponder upon the path that they've travelled.
A path that may not of been so easy,
One where they had to demolish a wall.

Take it apart with bare hands stone by stone.
In a burdened and isolated cold environment.
No knowledge of what would happen,
When away everything would of been thrown.

To be faced with a very difficult burden
No trouble shooting tools or debuggers
yet it is something one must complete
Without knowing when they will be done

In order to allow us develop to our full potential
We all need to have some sort of solid structure
Should this not begin when we are of young age?
By those at the location of our residential.

When we are equipped with a sword and a shield,
We learn to stand up and go forth without fear.
Then after time has allowed us to observe the change
We can collect our bounty as it is our yield.

But what about those who got a complete shit hand?
People just expect them to play what they were dealt.
That somehow they can magically equip themselves?
We all need to at least make an effort to understand.

Some of the walls that people have to face
May not just be as simple as a wooden fence.
For them the dilemma could be way too much,
They may never even make it out of that place.

This life should not be about people and their ego.
De Valera's vision was a land where people would value
"material wealth only as a basis for right living"
The interpretation of "right living" changed a long time ago.

A socio economic issue?

We live in a world that we both share.
We see it differently from our own view.
If we got together to sit and compare,
Maybe we could minimize this taboo.

When the world around one falls apart,
When the hope they have is ripped out.
When one feels no-one has any heart,
When all their thoughts turn to doubt.

One falls down to their knees on the ground,
Left emotionally crippled at the wayside.
While all their peers move forward unbound,
Ones chance at life's' opportunities denied.

I can't speak of the life with parental support.
Where one is nurtured, loved and supervised.
Escaping reality is usually the first resort.
If left broken and psychologically traumatized.

Delayed development, left trailing at the back.
Not caused by a chemical imbalance in the brain.
Gone deep inside oneself to cope with the attack,
Where eventually one just ends up going insane.

How can one deal with any type of ongoing abuse?
Left then at adulthood with every single memory.
And all the emotions that having them produce.
Faced now with a challenge of great difficulty.

Don't judge someone when you look at them,
You don't know what they had to go through.
To be crippled and destroyed by a life problem.
Is the answer a label of a Socioeconomic issue?

Life's' focus

Every single individual on this earth,
Each born into a specific environment,
At the moment of their own birth.

What is the path that lies ahead of us all?
Each Individual carrying a different load,
Some find it easy while others have to crawl.

Every day as we go our paths cross.
Words unspoken and glances shared.
No thought given over to what is lost.

This mad world we call the rat race.
Where do your goals and focus lie?
Were you given the choice to participate?

Will we ever be able to fully understand,
Why the balance of Maslow's need tree,
Be so unfairly balanced and unplanned?

Whose to decide the distribution of power?
Does ones material wealth really define them?
The greed of mankind will only ever devour.

Show Love, care and compassion
Show focus on what is right in life
Not what-ever is the latest fashion,
but the things others need to survive

Ones perception of another's mind

Behind the medication,
Behind the mental health.

There is a person
with hopes and dreams
That never go away.

Instead of looking at the negative
effects of mental health
and worrying what may be.

Look to that person
with hopes and dreams
That never go away.

How do they think and how do they feel?
What could of caused their way of thinking?

To see the world from a different lens
with varying degrees of filters.
Does not need to be a reason to medicate.

When somebody's lens becomes damaged,
How is permanent sellotaping the solution?

With psychiatry there is no temporary treatment.
No given opportunity to learn to adapt and adjust.

Psychiatrists just tape and glue peoples' minds.
Never giving them a chance to learn how to live
with what the doctor calls a mental illness.

How would you like sellotape over your lens?
To be told that it's the permanent solution,
For what someone else perceives to be a problem.

If a dog can learn to walk on two legs,
Then people should get the opportunity
To learn how to live without meds.

Light beyond darkness

To the broken people of this world
Who find themselves lost

While the darkness surrounds you
There may be no sight of light

Nobody knows the particulars of the way you feel
Or what it is that got you there.

Many a man has been locked in the darkness
Only seeing death as the answer

For those that power through,
The clouds will separate.

Today I am glad to be alive
and find joy within myself.

I know who I am
what I have been through

The fact is I am a survivor
To that fact I am proud.

oblivion

1 step to oblivion
In time to a million

a soft sweet thought
forever found if sought

a pulse and a beat
to receive a nice treat

calm & steady
breath in, be ready

Stand and be still
focus the mind at will

worry not my friend
live life till the end!

live this life

Live this life,
enjoy your time.
Take it day by day,
You will be just fine.

Those who matter don't misplace.
Find what it is, Just concentrate.

This is the world, that we share.
Into each other's eyes we just stare.

We all have a choice,
To do what we want.
We all have a voice,
To use if we want.

So,

Live this life day by day,
Enjoy your time,
You will be just fine.

Feeling emotion

Running around like a mad yoke
self destruction had sparked off

not knowing what to do
no guidance or direction

now sober and sane
learning to live with pain

escape, no longer an option
Set goals and go forth

Don't stop till i drop
I can now feel emotion

my enemy is now my friend
I'm in this game till the end

self SOS

A note to ones self
Hold it close above all else

The strong are the survivors
The ones who found a way out

A never ending cycle
Fueled by memories that recycle

To live sober with acceptance
Able to cope on life's tightrope

This life is alright
as long as I don't drink

for at that moment
I will no longer think

The alcoholic will arrive
unnoticed in a disguise

But nobody wants that
I know how bad it can get.

Shades

This world where they tax and take
Is the world from which I wanted to escape

All the drink and drugs in the world
once failed to mend a torn heart

Life's obstacles at whom were once hurled
without a defense they tore me apart

It was these obstacles that formed me from clay
though inside there is many a gray

there too is the black and the white
some of which is kept out of sight

Forward on the path

Finally feeling alive
once beaten down
starved and deprived

now a grown man
set goals & determined
knowing what I can

Rain, Wind and Storm
Full of life
as if just born

woken and alert
living with no fear
a first since thy birth

empowered by life
shackles broken
go forth, find a wife

Think, design and develop
take control of that which
to once I could not face up

moving forward on this path
that which once seemed
far far away

which once seemed
impossible to reach

which I was once told
I could not walk.

Instinctive survival

Thinking of other people
For once in my life
Other than myself
Other than Doug beetle

To be fucked up
From what went on
At a young age
When I had' had enough

Leaves behind this sense
Of solitary behavior
Survivor by one self
Always on the defense

Keeping family at arm's-length
Ready to break any bonds
Ready at any given moment
Requires deep inner strength

To not fear being alone
Go against any instincts
Over-ridden by experience
Is the way which I find home

On that last word
Of what was never there
Is the reason which with difficulty
That I find it difficult to open and care

Was seen

Where I was
where I've been

Everything that happened
Everything that was seen

Underneath every experience
There is an inner reaction

one of joy and happiness
one of sorrow and pity

The challenge that's faced at
in moving on forward

is one that's possible to face
is one that is possible to overcome

live in my skin

For me to live in my own skin
For me to only feel human

pain once brought me there
pain is what kept me there

to a deep dark place
where i hid my face

Now to be happy with myself
To be able to enjoy my health

feelings, emotions, a beating heart
finally a chance to take part

I walk, run and play
I live just for today

Inevitable Devastation

For a mother to neglect and not show love
For a father to not accept and think his above

how is one meant to react when they realize
that what went on was completely wrong

that they were born into a sad situation
That one day they would face the devastation

which was an inevitable outcome
impossible to stop by anyone

Anger, Pain and Fear
Driven by many a tear

to never know of love
to the corner they shove

Many a people go through this
Never receiving love or a kiss

Drug use followed and consumed him alive
ended by when off the boat he did dive

all the strapped weights, sink him did not
for the air tight container to take out he forgot

a long difficult struggle was to follow
It was now time to sober up for Apollo.

Religious disguise

Children who are brought into this world for the wrong
reason

A childhood on the front line of war
Ones heart gradually taken apart and tore

How then does one manage with this
In what manner then is one expected to manage with this

For

Drug use consumes hurt people alive
A jump out of life once they take the dive

& In the mist of that addiction
I came to realize

That a god for the religious
is for their feelings a disguise

Uncovered Blanket

When you fly away
from where you've been

from everything you were
and everything you've seen

to end up in a living coma
oblivious and asleep

A blanket over the mind
thoughts buried underneath

Angry that it happened
punished for no crime

Grateful to wake up sober
So I can live life this time

wake up

The answer compared to the psychiatrist is to dope you up
remove the memories of all the things that fucked you up

Take away every part of you that makes you unique
take away everything that makes you 'weak'

For the benefit of your wellbeing and health
they safeguard you against yourself

For self destruction set deep within
a losing situation where nobody could win

Hard medication to put one out of their senses
With serious actions comes serious consequences

The deep hurt and anger was finally dampened
A rebellious nature put aside and fastened

A soft calmness was allowed to set in
a walking coma with no recollection

The slain poet was put out of his misery
of the life he had to live however unwillingly.

The poetry though that he once wrote
is there for those that want to grab the rope

For Slain had made a promise to never return
A new beginning was what his heart did yearn

but in his search he did not find what he sought
though the pain to get over hard he had fought

It was east that he set off and far did he travel
carrying the weight of life in a sack full of gravel

Flowing memories

As the mind wakes up
and memories begin to flow

it's as if it was all a dream
and now on with life I must go

3 years of my life are gone
but now here I am, sober and strong

sobriety was achieved with intervention
hospitalization & a needle full of medication

Times not wasted, a rest I did get
Where I've come from though, I must not forget

My situation could of been 10 times worse
if god did not grant me a way out of the curse

the darkness will forever be inside
a program to my life must now be applied

Oblivious

they made me oblivious
to the person that I am
a punishment so hideous

what was the crime?
I was abused as a
child all of the time.

A victim to a mother
who resorted to neglect

when I stood up to the doctor
and said no more medication

she told the nurse to get the needle
and said there is no negotiation

yet no crime did I purposely commit
so how can the punishment justifyingly fit
for the doctor it was her power trip

I found myself in a dire situation
deep down inside though
I knew I had the motivation

nothing would stop me
not even a treat from a doctor

who did not believe I could overcome.

to go against the doctors threat
to prove that I was ok

thankfully, there was help I could get
though the worst I endured
were those withdrawals

unable to get assistance from a doctor
whose job is meant to help.

Just an income

If you walk back into my life
I will cut you with that knife

the one that scared you before
the one that made you run out the door

you used and abused
the boy who came to you bruised

you walked away when he was six
he built your room out of bricks

yet you could not see
any of his misery

that he had suffered from his mum
because to you he was just an income

a source of financial gain
whose life you just wanted to drain

so take heed on what I warn
cause a monster from you was born

in the corner, the dark place
you just better hope you don't see my face

if you walk back into my life
I will cut you with that knife

Symbols of plight

I carry these symbols
That reflect my plight

Symbols of neglect
Reflected through strife

Once beat into a corner
Looked like I'd lost the fight

But I rose up to defeat this shit
I Overcome like the dark knight

Now moving onto the next chapter
Breaking free of this spell

What is it that I have to show
What is it that I have to tell

A story of misery and of pain
Born out of a living hell

Experienced in this mind
A dark cold prison cell

An Alcoholics Birth

Pen and paper to make a note
Lost at sea, it fell off the boat

When all love and hope were lost
Bitten and cracked by the frost

The coldness of ones life situation
That they endured since their creation

Finally pushed them to the brink
Where suicide was all they could think

For nobody had ever shown them love
Pushed away and into the corner shove

So how could one move on forward
If they had never received a kind word

Misguided by bullshit family affairs
Being abused, told to say their prayers

By one big massive hypocrite
Who to be a parent was unfit

Living in the past happens so quick
A sad childhood longs the homesick

One where I was shun away
Unable to go out and play

Deprived from any good health
Deceived out of being myself

For my parents Fucked thinking
Led me straight into drinking

For early on an alcoholic was born
From the start his heart shredded and torn

~Fín

Superiority factor

Woke up sober
from a living coma
Twas badly needed
to save this guy

From seeing the angles
that live above the sky
For in his addiction
and in his disease

Needing to escapee
traveled overseas
To finally escape
from the mind rape

Of repeated memories
that would not ease
An anger so bad
derived from such sad

A situation that he,
himself could not see
A situation caused,
by so much misery

of a religious fuck cult
called "born again"
Who in fact are
Satan's marksmen

They spread fear and shame
with threats of a hot flame

To little children
if they can't abstain
from being themselves

its these fucks that are to blame
for peoples repressed feelings
so they can perform cult healings

because some cunt pastor
has a superiority factor

Silenced thinking

An alcoholic stood at the brink of insanity
due to all the pain he endured

and now tries to move forward in this life,
leaving behind every inch of strife
that was put upon him.

Something he never asked for,
Man born unequal,
You will see the sequel

Of the one who was not
allowed to express emotion
The one who endured pain and hurt
Since the moment of their own birth

Released by drink and drugs
because no-one was ever there
through child years
to save him from abuse

nobody was there to stop the neglect
nobody was there to stop the shit
or every instance of punishment

for if you were to know no other life
and had to live through Maireads' strife

would you not turn to drink and drugs
would you not want out of those memories
how would you cope?

And is it right to then treat
this alcoholic with medication

Medication that blocks out
all memory of any abuse
and to tick the box to say patient treated.

For those meds took away who i was
and blocked not only my memory
but my personality

like a mental prison
restricted to primal thinking
eat, sleep and shit
Just like a child

The doctors and nurses do your thinking
You become susceptible to persuasion

and to then be told no you cant
ever stop taking the medication
that was destroying my life

an unimaginable reality I faced
gaslight by the term "Side effects"

They are more than side effects
when you are the one
who has to live with them

side effects not just physical
but to treat ones brain with drugs
and hide ones self from themself

so they forget not only
the pain that they once endured
but who they are because of that pain

that good person that they themselves can't see
because all they were ever once told
was that all the time they were bold

When shaped and moulded
out of hurt and pain

When a child is Fucked about
by family that should care
the family who was never there

anger and pain will manifest
itself into something unimaginable

into the one thing that
exists in every family

An alcoholic.

Everyone should learn

Everyone in life will eventually learn
What it's like to have their heart torn

But to be born into that time span
Heart break since thy birth began

Abused, neglected and shown no love
Every child needs someone to hug

Sometimes I ask the question "How?"
Did I survive to be where I'm at now

Drinking and drugging my heart ache away
helped me to cope for many a day

though eventually death came to the table
A failed attempt means I can tell this fable

That I must every day
Find some sort of way

Some solution where I can defuse
Any possibility where I would use.

Hit by a Glacier

Born into this world a boy
Innocent, loving, a bundle of joy
Quickly discarded like a faded toy

A family attempt by Mairead and Philip
The relationship turned into one big fuck up
A disaster where all I got was a wallop

Either was unable to be a parent
not knowing how to care for an infant
for his hearts care they were absent

absent by what they did, not in action
traumatized by both parents horrible reaction
Drink and Drugs became my only satisfaction

A crutch to cope with life and pain
Born into two foolish parents reign
eventually losing hope I went insane

So judge not another man's story
Lest you've received ten times the fury
and made it out with some sort of glory

Suffering has its own relative-ness
when to the victim the end seems abyss
and after all they can do is reminisce

that will tell you the fucked up nature
of what it is like to be hit by a glacier.

Philip's Whore

What can I say
To a single soul

nobody ever helped
me out of that hole

A life of misery caused by pain
All was lost, nothing was to gain

unable to grow,
Unable to stand.

Stepped on by my farther
kept buried under the sand

When I came to him beat
And I came to him broke

He didn't care to speak
He just cared for his boat

That using bastard
left when I was six

Couldn't give a fuck
used me to carry bricks

Freezing in the caravan
Told to get out the door

So he could sit on his couch
and browse for a cheap whore

Ophelia

as the winds go round and round
and the trees whistle a gentle sound
my temperament turns to unease
unable to sit listening to this breeze

to have to stay indoors
my mind and heart scream silent roars
sensing the power of the storm
draws inward a great swarm

Take a look

To stop and look inwards at I.
I have a choice if I want to see,
what's true or what's a lie

To of come along this far.
To of experienced what
most would call quite bizarre.

It's difficult to take life slow,
when in the past from most
hatred was all I could know.

I'm Standing here now naked,
and am feeling quite exposed
because I can look at my hatred.

and no-longer have a valid excuse,
to delve back into my addiction,
to go back running from all that abuse.

of a life that I will forever carry.
Yet I must learn to live with it
If only I could leave it in a quarry.

But running away is what I once tried,
And I can tell you it did not end well,
It brought me to a place where I nearly Died.

Cable Ties

two zip cable ties
linked together
a way out from the lies

pulled in tight
caught my throat
grasping for air
made live the fight

I had tried to speak
to my farther
who told me not
to fucking squeak

so off I went
with the cable ties
against me he
now does resent

because my attempt
cost him more than
a good few cent (€)

Schizophrenia

What the word schizophrenia implies
is far from the truth of the condition
interpreted as a word based on lies
of what people perceive to be true

The sound of the word itself sounds bad
Yet only people with it know what it's like
People who in reality have not gone mad
People who have actually just been hurt

Hurt lives on forever in the heart and soul
Trauma cuts deep down beneath the skin
Pain is so bad that it rips those apart whole
Those who carry the label schizophrenia.

The Demise

The demise of my time on medication
Was caused by a lack of an obligation.

To "care" which is the medical teams duty
Yet the way they behave is just so snooty.

A false image of a "humble" occupation
More for a fat wage is their real motivation.

To not really care about how someone may feel
Pump them full of drugs rather than help them heal.

Fatten them up and mutate them to inflation
Dull their thinking condemn them to damnation.

Of an existence where they are riddled with fear
Yet unable to speak up or even think clear.

How is that following the obligation
of a duty of care to your patient?

If you just pump them full of medication
and trap them in their minds encasement.

A Mental Inscription

A Child's Mind
So beautiful and fragile

So easily confined
If damaged by a missile

To turn reality into a Mirage
a hidden mental inscription

That waits there in camouflage
ready to save one from extinction

A perfectly normal conclusion
to going through neglect

The mind plays it as an illusion
yet it may never resurrect

But when the circumstances change
and the abuse is finally over

The mind will try to rearrange
and make sense of what is left over

And it is during this transfer
that someone becomes a risk

Destruction is likely to occur
if help does not come so brisk

Dysfunctional Equation

Was there a purpose to their existence
for the nature of having a child
is to love care and be of assistance

To eventually know of the pain
of no love from either parent
only used for financial gain
it eventually became apparent

and how else was I supposed to cope
than to drink and drug as much as I could
for you see I had lost all hope

but to only realize afterwards
where this would bring me
on a spiral going downwards
that only leads to more misery

born into that dysfunctional equation
where I needed love but got abuse
was it all just a figment of my imagination

Free to Augment

When a child is born
they have dreams and hope
a pure vessel untorn
should be helped to cope

No child is born bad
they all deserve and need care
either from a mum or dad
it has to come from somewhere

To develop and grow
into who their meant to be
life's hurdles though
can stop them being free

Free from the fear
of being able to augment
free to think clear
and free to be content

Unfilled Heart

I came to you broke
I came to you beat

For the damage my mother had done
I could of ended up on the street

But your abuse was much worse
for you knew of what she did

I came to you needing love
I came to you as your kid

But you used me to fill your pockets
yet refused to be there as a dad

it was my heart that needed filling
for I was lost, broken and very sad

but I'm sure this is just nonsense
as you would always say

Gaslight the situation
and tell me to fuck off away!

Love is out there

Love is out there
in a world where
people do actually care

Just took a long time
for me to go and find

as where I've come from
and where I've been

I'd rather leave behind
Leave it all unseen

Love is out there
In a world where
people do actually care

Fallen brethren

Too many solders
die in this war

Who don't even know
what they are fighting for

Caught up in a fight
they don't want to be in

Dying through the night
neither side will ever win

Solders of peace
who are as good as gold

Lie beneath the soil
way too young and not that old

I will always remember
those who were good to me

They may be gone
but will stay in memory

A wicked disease
that cannot be understood

It takes too many lives
it takes more than it should

Broken Heart Shitty Daddy

I came to you daddy
hurt broken and grown

I never knew you as a babby
And inside I was so alone

I could never understand
why the world was so mean

Why I felt unplanned
And as if I got in-between

the way of your desires
for your perfect family

Forever getting caught on the barbwires
forever being blamed continuously

for all the damage you had done
the pain you left me to carry

from the woman that was my mum
every day she ended up getting angry

But I know you don't care
For you were never there

You're a chicken shit
Who can't even admit it

Instead of actually being present
you blamed her for lack of your presence

But I had come to you daddy
hurt broken and grown

yet all you could do was moan
and shit all over my broken heart

which you caused in the first place so

FUCK YOU

More

What more can I want
What more can I do
What more can I be

Than to serve humanity

To lend a hand to those who need
Those who on the inside bleed

For unseen emotional pain
Leaves behind nothing to gain

A Fucked up family situation
Made worse by move of location

Decided upon by a whore
Who I can't love anymore

So fuck her the evangelist
with which landed me a psychiatrist

As my tear ducts were long dried
For those bigots, plague those outside

with bullshit treats of hell and fire
all for their own selfish desire

As you will see with big fat chubby
and all the candy has been scoffing

The perfect symbol of being humble
taking all the fucking cream for himself.

Paranoid Schizophrenic

The inner child who was misunderstood
Who wasn't loved by those who should

A paranoid schizophrenic
who took many a hallucinogenic

drugged by the doctors, made to comply
because to life he wanted to say goodbye

No good parents were ever in his life
He ended up being filled with lots of strife

To say to him with interrogation
"you will forever be on medication"

stirred in him the urge to rebel
to heed the medication to dispel

for so what if someone is schizophrenic
is it justified to fill them with a pathogenic

one that causes severe obesity
and kills many from horrible toxicity

A long slow painful death
asking for help would be the only regret

Religious Paraphernalia

I woke and got on my knees to pray
for strength to get me through the day

Though not religiously for fuck religion
that shame it gives is like a mental prison

the manipulation and psychological control
those people are worse than a fucking troll

self vanity wrongly put up on a pedestal
to hypnotize with religious Paraphernalia

I understand that some people need faith
those that were poorly treated with hate

to save a lost soul from destruction
may need a little obstruction

to give someone a little hope
but religion is mental dope

injecting prayer to feel high

Physical Scar

I feel the physical scar
as it runs down past my ear

it's the only way I know that I cry

for my emotional self
in addiction did die

I felt too much pain
that I could no-longer cope

thoughts of self harm
I reached out for the rope

Ignorance

Emotionally Broke
unable to Connect

In a cold ass world
without any respect

Where have all
the animals gone?

Why are they
all in cages?

Financial cannibals
Who demand pay

Just to watch
some silly fables

Peer Pressure
to feel a part

of an ignorant world
that needs to get smart

For as many
have said before

We will destroy ourselves
and become no more

Pressure

Too much pressure
on an already pressured world

Acting like a well-wisher
Then eating like Arnold

Top of the food chain
Nothing left to kill

Developing the brain
self destruction for a thrill

Giving no other species a chance
giving no other species a break

We Twiddle our thumbs like a dance
We don't realize what's at stake

Our own naivety
Acts like a pit

That were already in
the fan is covered in shit

But none will realize
whilst our heads are in our phones

observing the world we live in
through the lens of the drones

Instead of being alive
We merely believe the lies

feeding off of media
which has become our Zeus

slaves to the machines
from which we take abuse

Endured sad for dad

Two Emotionally unavailable parents
I apparently lived among separately

With each opening door
I was lured to be drained

Mentally deranged from the brain
for someone else's selfish desires

A punch bag for hire
Never once appreciated

by a woman who wanted 2 girls
and a man who once had curls

Two people too busy
To give there boy some love

Times irrelevant to living with both
for when I met dad I had no growth

But be he the farther I never had
Mothers abuse came from her sad

Still no heart did he have
my only reason for living up to now

was to have a dad to say "Mark Wow"
but the man I met made me regret

Enduring years of pain
it was time to cut the vain

Aesthetic Toddy

A lost childhood
Allot of bud

A misunderstood boy
Who never fet into da hood

One who never matured
Cause of da abuse endured

Over the many years
The many spread tears

When the using came
The realization his life
Had been insane

Far from what's the norm
Years caught up in a storm

For the calm to follow
Had been too hard to swallow

But to go out an escape
Rather than clear the slate

Was the path unchosen
Time stopped there frozen

But for this to finally cease
Has brought back the unease

Of a boy in a man's body
Who has to now face himself
Without any anesthetic toddy

Sublimely messaged

A Moment born
A moment torn

Between nature and nurture
nurtured away from nature

the natural world
natural resources

sublimely messaged
our entire lives

from pop music
to an action movie

it's all psychological
engineering

fed lies to comply
be a cog in the wheel

to chase the "dream"
that will cost a bomb

teased with jealousy
come on, come on.

The flaw in the system
the unexpected bug

was a childhood of
neglect and isolation

where this man learned
the evils of money
and the system

Easy Decision

An attempt made through the extent of pain endured
and the inability to be cured

of a heart broken by family

the ones who should of been there
not throw on me a settee chair

love, nurture and care
are the three strangest
words that exist out there

to this recovering addict
who still carries the scars

the psychological torment
took me to an attempt

of choosing to end my life
for I could carry no more strife

knocked to the ground
nothing left to be found

passed out down an ally
puking up blood and fally

pepper sprayed,
the will to live
began to fade

All hope had been lost

held out for long enough
hiding and running away
unable to be tough

a decision easier made
then you may believe

forever told I misbehaved
I had only ever been deceived

For by their own selfish greed
I was born into survival mode
fighting for air just to breathe

Nobody will tell me this sounds depressed
because their own shame has them stressed.

Kings of long ago

The kings of long ago
Could they possibly know

That mankind,
Their fellow man

could be easily enslaved
as easy as one can

with their own profile
their own technology

a hand held mirror
hand held psychology

For we've been fooled
For we've all drooled

over the lies were told
over the fables of old

Quite simply
We are fucked!

Modern day Slave.

Born into a world of paranoid schizophrenia.
Un-understood emotional hysteria

Not even knowing if my logic is sane
Destroying nature for polyurethane

A World filled with bullshit lies
A world that tries to destroy lives

Man against man as much as we can

micro sophisticated terminology
designed to knock human ecology

formulated by a "supreme" being
The all powerful watchful seeing

Our every move tracked by our instincts
cross communication between precincts

No more need for controlled religion

With every person glued to a phone
With every person watched by a drone

The great big web is exactly as it says

As a spiders web traps a fly
The internet gets us to comply

To the orders of the new religion
To go with the ideas on television

There is a genre, movie or series
To make up the real congeries

Whether paid for or free
availability is the real key

To control all of us
by a mind concuss

We are the modern slave
Controlled how to behave!

Two sided whore

to begin to submerge
with much devastation

into an endless pit
of endless hesitation

the luscious taste
the sweet liquor

approach with haste
it's a two sided whore

jails and institutions
the unseen retributions

you would never see
the truth in a movie

even with your
own two eyes

you cannot see
the emotional ties

between the sufferer
and the drink

both could be gone
in a moments blink

Average body type

Body type = "average"
yet she is fat

What have we reached?
where freedom of speech

Is so monitored to the point
that somebody's going to bitch

What have we reached?
where fat is now average

should I say "overweight"
to avoid any motivation
to burn that belly girth

look at what's happened
since we crawled out
of the jungle

Every other species we've
either thrown into a cage

or we try to poison or entrap
with our vicious tempered rage

Tit for Tat in all our jealousy

False congratulations
war between nations

living in credit
just to edit
how we appear

so we may deceive
our fellow man
as much as we can

how stupid are we
that even though
we acknowledge

that we leave this
world the way we arrive

we still feel as though
we own the right to strive

abuse our fellow man
as much as we can

stomping over one another
to own all the milk
from the breast of mother

our likes and shares
take over our affairs

pathetic!

Online dating cons

When I message her on the cell phone
her mind is in mode "roam"

frustration with trying to break the ice
gave up, sent a picture of my merchandise

once again I get the ban
impossible to communicate
as face to face is the way I can

simply viewing a photo or profile
on that fucking mobile

does not demonstrate what is real
only what someone does not reveal

swipe right, swipe left
its shite, its theft

of any real opportunity
to meet someone in your community

Fuck, Healing begins

Been some time since I've written a rhyme

Lived a life of anger and hate
That ending up in a bad state

Eventually faced dire suicide
fell all alone by the wayside

Caused by so much hurt
From both family and church

But now as I open the door to heal
It's too much fucking pain that I feel

And God Damn it!

I won't say excuse my French
And be sat on like a park bench

It's not the anger I want to carry
Its peace and rest internally

A moments moment
where I don't look back

A moments moment
Where I don't act like a maniac

The truth of what happened
I need to trust in myself

Seeds of doubt from others
belong on the bottom shelf

Revenge for my pain
will give nothing gain

I just want my own peace
For a moment to sit at ease

To learn to finally love myself!

A Programmed World

A throwaway world
A throwaway heart

Feelings gone unheard
Feelings torn apart

Programmed to behave
Programmed to think alike

Manipulated into a slave
Manipulated by our psyche

Yet were unable to see
Yet unable to observe

The fact we can't be free
The fact we can't be heard

We all like to believe
We have some control

But we have been deceived
But for we are controlled

For we need a united fight
For the great rebellion

In front lies a doubtful out sight
In front we need many a hellion

Or do we continue to be enslaved
Or stand up and face imprisonment

Are we already serving a sentence
Have we not suffered enough

How many rewards must we seek
And rape the land till its bleak.

Life's Parallax's

The last remaining me
The old one that used to be

I can't help but ask
How much time has lapsed

Since I last existed
It's like time has twisted

And I've shot into a future
I once tried to escape

The same place
With the same face

beginning to conquer
where I once left off

the same songs
same music
same tattoos
seem to exist

But it is as if I did die
and I've been parachuted
into purgatory

(something I'd never believe in
but all of hurt I did cause)

For you see
it's the only explanation
that seems logical to me

I can't think of any other way
how I managed to survive suicide
and end right back where I once was

Is it possible that there are many paths
In our lives that all go on

And that the one I am now on
is merely just another parallax
that my mind jumped over to.

Mine' Rawr!

Does what I say have an ear
does anybody out there hear

what I express as a thought
which my mind has fought

like a game of tug of war
ripped apart my minds bore

schizophrenic disorder
chronic reality avoider

withdrawn interacting
maladjusted thinking

A mind that came defect
unable to socially connect

Just some of what's to feature
in this here mine' creature

Rawr !

Untitled

I've been squashed on
talked on, walked on

Too many people crowding up on me
outnumbered, scared and feeling misery

Grew up small and all alone
uncomfortable in my own home

Bullied and put down
In my own home town

I vowed to retaliate
but only found more hate

No one understood
Felt someone should

no one reached out
inward was my shout

Now every opportunity I get
To stand up to a threat

To show people I'm not weak
To make them scared and shriek

These opportunities I create
Without any thought to debate

But am I not now my own worst foe
Just like the ones from years ago

IQ

Have I lost my mind
my thoughts I can't find

There nowhere in sight
without them I can't fight

the struggle of daily life
There my sword, my knife

Without them I have no clue
I sit idle, don't know what to do

Advertisements play peek a boo
Down is the direction of my IQ

I forgot how to use a knife
I even forgot how to live life

those meds became my fight
they fucked with my eye-sight

Now I'm on the search to find
wherever it is that I left my mind

The Mind

I'm still standing here
after many a year

This repeated videotape
That I tried to escape

tried to take my life
After the binge of night

how do I still stand
when I'm sure I died
by the action of my hand
way out yon the tide

Did I not pass by my own self
Yet right back where I began
Is where I awake each day
Is where I get to play

For the book that I wrote
From the coma that I awoke

All my words that I tried
so desperately denied

Does my mind work the way
someone else planned it to?

Am I just paranoid
or aware of what's true?

How can I be back in 08 & 13?
When the year right now is 2018?

That's ten and five
Yet now I feel alive

Talk about trauma drink and drugs
the family who forgot the hugs

Who forgot about the boy
Just treated him like a toy

The beauty of the mind
It is ever so real
Should I open it up
Sorrow I shall feel

The Fool

This world that I am in
Can it possibly be real

Are things the way they are
Are things they way they feel

Forget the labels of mental heath
Were thought fables to chase wealth

A dream so individualized
Marketed and advertised

To the vast majority
with such precision

how can I make a decision

So many artificial arguments
So many distracting events

We react with great surprise
at the ease of use of a device

that's been designed for us to seek
To take commands from us as we speak

Living in an artificial economy
based on the trade of academy

that we put up on a pedestal
yet are we not the fool

Are we not the fool?

Bush Fire

Mentally unwell
emotions swelled

it's sad really
a child so needy

needs unmet
can create regret

that began in the cage
which leads to rage

that once ignited
won't be quieted

like a bush fire
its flames desire

to cause drought
and wipe all out

Preaching

When two parents inability
to show any chivalry

results in lies that destroy
tossed about like a broken toy

The mind that needed a teacher
was torn by the cleaver of a preacher

goes to show what can be done
worse than a bullet from a gun

deception hate and lies
the evil behind those eyes

the forceful ego and pride
of a self righteous narrow mind

Total contradiction of scripture
which is your addiction

instead of sincere servitude
its half fast tricks to illude

those which you preach to.

For that's all your doing,

Preaching.

The Finger

My mind and perception
Which I'm engaged upon
Social inclusion
Weather right or wrong

Bends the way of my will

Social norms that I
May not even agree with

Entangle themselves upon myself
Like a thread in a pattern

The place I have
I am bounded to

I cannot escape the very place
That my mind takes me to

The internal excursion of who I am

The nature of the things
Which make me unique
Are individually complicated
To the point of suicide

Where I once stood upon
That breaking moment
Where I had decided to end it all

But now I can see the things
Which once weighed me down

Are the very things that are
The source of my strength

For had I not in a since lost everything
By never being giving the chance to gain

A single since of pride

The fingers up to
The life I once lived

Die Mitgliedschaft

Fifteen years of age
never let out of my cage
by my mother's rage

I was brought to die camp
for a final solution
They programmed my mind
instead of sending me for execution

They thought me to obey
the order of the way
To carry a blanket of shame
as was the rule of the game

BUT NOT TO WORRY!

As once we reached home
Jesus would not condone

But where is this "sin"
I was blinded by the heroin

Each hit of that Jesus Opioid
stopped me feeling null and void

But as I grew in dependence
so it got harder for transcendence

Obsessed with a great flood
anything for serotonin life blood

My mind had finally gone crazy
abuse of a cross since i was a baby

Debates between god and hell
a mediator put under a spell

Reading a contradictory rule book
which forbid all reviews of overlook

To be obeyed till the day
I fell into the grave
As long as I paid
Die membership.

A Story told through poetry
of one mans journey
from trauma to freedom
with a stop off to drug
use in between.